The Centre Reporter.

VOL. { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVII. — CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1884. — NO. 44

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

To Brother Dana—Burn your Pen!

To Benjamin F. Butler—Burn your hog-pen.

Of course the Prohibitionists consider it a Water-loo.

The *Sun*, "which shines for all," did not shine for Cleveland and still he saw his way through.

The first thing Logan said when he knew he was defeated was, "I wish Blaine hadn't wrote them letters."

Democrats all over the country are having tremendous rejoicings, jollifications and roasts in celebration of the great Democratic victory.

Rejoice and be glad—the plague of Republicanism which has afflicted the land for twenty years is soon to cease, and in its stead we will have happiness and prosperity.

It was not necessary for the Lewisburg *News* to abuse Gov. Curtin as vilely as it did. It did no credit to the *News* and failed to harm Gov. Curtin, whose public services and ability are too well known.

Well, Mrs. Lockwood is not down in the mouth over the result of the election, like some of the Republicans. She says she was satisfied with the result of the campaign, inasmuch as she cleared $128 by her lecturing receipts.

The Republican managers have laid a plot to seal the state of New York for Blaine. If they attempt to carry it out they must first walk over the dead body of every Democrat from Maine to California—including Centre county.

The Republicans had very rough weather to go up Salt river—it seemed as tho' Providence wanted to make it an unpleasant trip for them. Heretofore when the Democrats went up ye Salt, they were favored with pleasant weather. Guess the good man intends to make the rads suffer for their misdeeds.

The Republicans are plotting to doctor and steal the state of New York for Blaine. It would not be submitted to—every Democrat will fight for the seating of Cleveland as the honestly elected President. Democrats will not again submit to a presidential steal. Stick a pin there.

We are told that Mr. Love will contest the election of Mr. Rhone, Mr. Love being the highest of the Republican candidates. Where the illegality exists, or is alleged to exist, we did not hear, but it strikes us that after having cut Mr. Rhone's vote down to the verge of defeat, the opposition should rest satisfied.

J. A. Dunmire and Emanuel Gearhart, of Yeagertown, have made a novel bet upon the result of the presidential election, the one losing having to wheel the other from Lewistown to Yeagertown upon a wheel-barrow. The Yeagertown band has agreed to furnish music for the occasion. Due notice will be given as to the time the circus is to come off.

Well, the REPORTER hopes that Democrat will enjoy that ride.

We congratulate Gov. Curtin on his re-election. He made a splendid run under the circumstances. It seemed all the powers of Lucifer had been turned loose against him. Hundreds of Republicans who had promised to support Curtin, proved untrue when it came to voting, altho' admitting he was the right man for the place. In our own party there was a faction, openly and secretly, plotting to wipe out Curtin, but the grand old ex-governor stands vindicated, and his voice will be heard in congress against land-grabbers and jobbers, who yearned for his defeat.

We are sorry for the defeat of Adam Hoy—the Democrats who failed to stand by him made the saddest mistake. Judge Hoy should not have lost a single Democratic vote—he made a good and sound judge, was honest and upright, and far to be preferred to so bitter a Republican as Judge Furst. Democrats, of Centre county, if no better treatment is accorded to the good men of our party, we fear our boasted majorities will dwindle down to nothing in a short time.

The Centre county election is one of the rare queer ones in this county. There did not seem to be the best generalship, and the firing was so promiscuous, that many in our own ranks were hit instead of the balls taking effect upon the enemy.

We do not think that the Democratic party of Centre county can stand many such strains as it was put to in the campaign just closed. Hate, petty spite, petty jealousy, seemed to actuate men from the primary campaign on through, and yet for the life of us we could not see the occasion for it all, unless the satanic greed for office got away with the reason of some who could not have things their own way, and foul work was preferred to fair where it served the end sought for.

We nearly lost two Democratic members of the Assembly, and we lost the judge, and the result shows a shlashing at some of the other men on the local ticket.

This feeling ran over from some of the nefarious practices of the primary campaign, and unless the better elements of the party can put down trading and intrigue, a total rout may be the fate of the party in this county. Probably it would open eyes that are now willing to wink at wrong. But let us study the lesson of the result, let the wise and cool-heads of the party sound the note of alarm ere the party is crippled and defeated as a result of the machinations of such as care more for office than for the party.

THE SCOTT LAW IN OHIO.

The Scott law has been held in conflict with the organic law of the state of Ohio, by the best legal minds since its passage. After it was passed, among one the Constitutional amendments submitted to the people was one that would have legalized it, but this amendment was rejected. It was submitted by the very Legislature that adopted the Scott law. This unconstitutional law was pernicious in that it offered a bribe to every municipality, in the liquor taxes collected, to assent to a violation of the Constitution. The return of these taxes, unconstitutionally collected, will be a severe measure and bear hard on many of the cities and towns; but the censure justly belongs to a Legislature that, for political purposes, passed an unconstitutional law, and not on the Supreme Court that has vindicated the higher law of the state, which declares in these words:

No license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted in this state, but the General Assembly may by law provide against evils resulting therefrom.

The Scott law under various disguises and subterfuges set this section of the Constitution at defiance. It was one of Governor Foster's political tricks. The Supreme Court in concluding its decision, says:

As, in our judgement, the act with its amendment are in effect, clearly, plainly, palpably liscence laws, within the meaning of the constitutional inhibition, we are compelled so to declare, for we are vested with no discretion in such a case. Whether it is possible to enact a special liquor tax law, which would not be in conflict with the clause of the Constitution as to liscenses, or some other provision of that instrument, is a question upon which we do not express any opinion. It is sufficient to say, for the reasons already given, that the Scott law is not such an act, but, on the contrary, as an assessment or tax law it is wholly void.

BEAVER TO BE SENATOR.

Don Cameron intends to make Gen. Beaver his successor in the United States Senate. The next Legislature of this state will be largely Republican in both branches, and Don Cameron will have it under his thumb and intends to use his power over that body so as to elect Gen. Beaver U. S. Senator, and he (Cameron) will not be a candidate in consequence. The reason that impels Senator Cameron to take this step, is General Beaver's defeat for governor two years ago. He alleges the fight was not against Beaver but against himself, and as Gen. Beaver was an innocent sacrifice on the Senator's account, Mr. Cameron now magnanimously steps forward to make Beaver senator as a reward for his defeat for governor. It is characteristic of the Cameron's never to desert their friends and Mr. Cameron certainly takes high and elevated ground in his friendship for Beaver and will do a handsome act rare in politics. We have politicians that will cut the throats of their best friends if a political point can be gained thereby—it is one of the pernicious things in politics, and the men who will do it are generally found devoid of honor when discreditable methods serve their purposes better.

As we are to have a Republican U. S. Senator why of course our county pride will cause us to look with pleasure upon this singular, but highly commendable, move of Senator Cameron. With an influential member like Curtin in the House, and Beaver in the Senate, Centre county and Central Pennsylvania will be a power at Washington which will not be insignificant where our people have interests at stake.

We could wish the complexion of the Senate to be such as to secure the election of a Democrat to the U. S. Senate, but as it will surely be a Republican Centre county people will join in the pleasure we feel upon the prospect of Gen. Beaver being the man.

THE VOTE IN PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, Nov. 9.—Special returns from 59 of the 67 counties in Pennsylvania and careful estimates of the remaining eight counties give Blaine a plurality in the state of 78,493. The counties from which the official vote has not yet been received are, Allegheny, Butler, Carbon, Montgomery, Philadelphia, Schuylkill, Sullivan and Tioga.

THE ELECTION

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

DEMOCRATIC STATES.

States.	Plurality.	Electors.
Alabama	30,000	10
Arkansas	1,200	7
Connecticut	700	6
Delaware	3,000	3
Florida	5,000	4
Georgia	60,000	12
Indiana	8,000	15
Kentucky	45,000	13
Louisiana	25,000	8
Maryland	16,000	8
Mississippi	30,000	9
Missouri	55,000	16
New Jersey	4,000	9
New York	1,000	36
North Carolina	9,000	11
South Carolina	45,000	9
Tennessee	20,000	12
Texas	98,000	13
Virginia	9,000	12
West Virginia	4,000	6
Total		219

REPUBLICAN STATES.

States.	Plurality.	Electors.
California	900	5
Colorado	2,000	3
Illinois	15,000	22
Iowa	47,000	13
Kansas	47,000	9
Maine	20,000	6
Massachusetts	10,000	14
Michigan		13
Minnesota	22,000	7
Nebraska	20,000	5
Nevada	1,000	3
New Hampshire	3,000	4
Ohio	30,000	23
Oregon	1,300	3
Pennsylvania	65,000	30
Rhode Island	9,000	4
Vermont	22,000	4
Wisconsin	9,000	11
Total		182

RECAPITULATION

Democratic	219
Republican	182
Cleveland's majority	37

Cleveland's majority on the popular vote is 125,000. Hip! hip!

CLEVELAND, THE PRESIDENT.

The situation remains unchanged. Cleveland and Hendricks have 219 electoral votes, will be declared elected and inaugurated. Nothing changes these figures.

The New York majority for Cleveland over Blaine is put down by the various metropolitan papers, with the exception of the *Tribune*, at 1,200, 1,300, 1,400 or thereabouts. This is on the face of the returns as deposited by the district officials with the county clerks. The clerks made their official canvass on Tuesday for transmission to Albany, but the figures of each county are already known. The New York *Times*, of Saturday, in printing its votes by counties, says:

The *Times* has now received complete official figures, revised and corrected, from every county in New York State. The most important change is made by the correction, by Republican officers and committeemen, of the footings in Kings county, whereby 303 votes are added to Governor Cleveland's plurality. In Westchester county an error of 150 has been discovered in favor of Blaine, reducing Cleveland's plurality in that county to 1,288. There are reports of errors in two other counties, the correction of which would add still further to Cleveland's total vote. The table as now published gives Cleveland a majority of 1,361 over Blaine, and this will undoubtedly stand without material alteration.

In New York there is no such thing as going behind the returns. The ballots are destroyed, and the canvass is determined by the face of the returns.

DEMOCRATS QUIET BUT DETERMINED.

New York, Nov. 10.—The city is quiet to-night, most of the policemen detailed to do special work have been relieved from duty and there is a feeling that the ultimate result will be the confirmation of the claim that Cleveland and Hendricks have carried the state. A secret meeting of Steve Elkins, Fessenden, Chairman Jones and Senator Hobart was held to-night but nothing could be learned concerning its import. The democrats are vigilant and eminent counsel have been engaged by them. They are determined and will not consent to the perpetration of any fraud. Nothing can change the result but fraud and that will not be allowed.

CRYING FRAUD.

New York, Nov. 7.—The *Mail and Express* prints the following:

AUGUSTA, Nov. 7.

To Chairman B. F. Jones, of the Republican National Committee:

I am advised that there have been frauds committed in New York State. I believe that an honest vote of the State gives a Republican plurality, and I ask the committee to see that we have a fair and honest count. J. G. BLAINE.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

R. H Thomas Commissioner for Pennsylvania to the New Orleans Exposition is collecting and packing the exhibits for transportation, and has secured specimens of the various state products, which will in the aggregate make a creditable display. The work of the Commissioner has been arduous, because of unexpected apathy concerning the matter among persons who were asked to interest themselves. Most of the articles have been secured through personal application and solicitation, and in many instances by direct purchase. But in other quarters, including the higher institutions of learning, valuable collections have been freely loaned and earnest assistance given. Commissioner Thomas, being desirous of making a thoroughly representative exhibit for this State, requests citizens to aid him in collecting the following objects: "Geological specimens, fossils, petrifications, shells and prepared specimens of animals, birds, insects, etc.; agriculture and horticulture; raw and manufactured products; ores, minerals, specimens of soils, grasses, fibers, mosses, clays, sands, mineral waters, with analysis, and native woods; agricultural products not used for food; chemical and pharmaceutical products. Textile Fabrics—cotton, hemp, linen, worsted, silk, jute, hair, etc. Alimentary products—cereals, farinaceous products, fish, vegetables and fruits—natural, dried or preserved; also condiments, confectionary and domestic stimulants. Archaeological and historical collections, and relics and curiosities of all kinds will prove very interesting features of the state exhibit. Everything illustrating Indian life and the history of our people will be in place." These objects, if sent to the Commissioner's address, Mechanicsburg, Pa., will be properly classified and cared for, and, if it be desired, will be returned to the owner at the close of the exposition free of expense.

Exhibits sent by express or through the mails should have expressage or postage prepaid.

When sent as regular freight the charges will be paid by the Commissioner. All exhibits should be addressed as above indicated and should reach the commissioner's office by Nov. 20th, at which time the cars will be loaded for New Orleans. The name, county and post office of every contributor will be noted on article contributed, thus giving credit to whom credit is due.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, England, did not overstate the case when it said the New York *Independent* is "one of the ablest weeklies in existence." It is as overwhelming as a monthly or quarterly magazine, with all the matter in its many departments. Any monthly might indeed be proud if it could show as distinguished a list of contributors as The Independent. In a single department—its story department—we find, among Englishmen, such contributors as Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated Egyptian explorer; Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, James Payn, F. W. Robinson and Henry W. Lucy, the well-known and deservedly popular novelists; while among Americans we notice the names of Edward Everet Hale, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Sarah O. Jewett, J. S., of Dale, Rebecca Harding Davis and Harriet Prescott Spofford. The Independent printed also recently the story from the pen of the late Ivan Tourgeneff, having secured the only translation from the Russian into English. This department is but a sample of the others. It would seem to us that The Independent offers not only "fifty two dividends during the year," but, in addition, a stock dividend with each department. We advise our readers to send for a free sample copy.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

Paris, Oct. 31.—Chinese advices, via Shanghia, state despite the blockade, two steamers landed Chinese troops and war munitions at Tai-War on the southwest coast of Formosa. The Chinese fleet, anchored at the river Yang-Tsi, has been ordered to Formosa to succor the Chinese Commander Liu. The French man-of war Triumphante, has sailed from Saigon, Cochin China, for Kelung to join Admiral Courbet's fleet.

GLADSTONE A SPIRITUALIST.

London, Oct. 31.—Mr. Gladstone attended a spiritual seance, at which only four noble ladies were allowed to be present. Mr. Gladstone asked a number of questions on current events and was startled at the accuracy of the answers which were written on a slate securely locked so as to prevent its being tampered with. Mr. Gladstone, it is said, has since expressed his belief in the existence of unknown forces.

THE GLORIOUS RESULT.

We announced the election of Grover Cleveland as President, in our last issue. Whatever of doubts may have been harbored by Republicans, have been dissipated, and we re-iterate the glad news, that Cleveland is elected by a handsome majority of 37 electoral votes. This is a glorious result and every friend of our country should thank God that there is to be a change of government, and that a man of tested honesty is to occupy the presidential chair.

The cry that the Democratic party is a free trade party will now be put to lie forever, as there will be no free-trade policy adopted by the Democratic administration beginning March 4, next.

The issue was between corruption and honest government, and corruption must walk.

The issue was whether Blaine, the boss of jobbers, should be at the head of the government with his corrupt gang, or whether Cleveland and Reform shall be tried, and the people have called for the latter.

Independent Republicans deserve credit for the assistance they brought in securing the grand victory over the corruptionists of their own party.

The Democratic party need only be true to its own professions and it can not be driven from power for the next forty years.

Let all rejoice! the Augean stables at Washington will be cleaned.

The Albany *Argus* says: The declaration of the Canvassing Board of the State makes the returns of that state valid, also the only certificate of its electoral vote which is receivable. The Canvassing Boards of the Democratic States will let no fraudulent and false vote be lyingly declared the vote of that state. The true vote will be declared certified, and sent forward. The Democratic House of Representatives will let none other than the true vote be counted to Blaine. Mediators of fraud, it is just as well that these facts be told betimes now. No fraudulent Commission will be allowed to put James G. Blaine in the White House or keep Grover Cleveland out of it. The men who attempt it will be killed, and the legal consequences of killing them will be taken care of afterward.

The moon's face, says Prof. Proctor, tells us of a remote youth—a time of fiery activity, when volcanic action even more effective (though not probably more energetic) than any which has ever taken place on this globe, upheaved the moon's crust. But so soon as we consider carefully the features of her surface we see that there must surely have been three well marked ears of vulcanian activity. Look at the multitudinous craters, for example, around the metropolitan crater Tycho. They tell us of century after century of volcanic disturbance—but they tells us more. They mark a surface which varies in texture, and therefore in light-reflecting power in such a way as to show that the variations were produced long before the volcanic action began by which the craters were formed. For the variations of texture are such as to mark a series of streaks—some of them two thousand or three thousand miles in length, and many miles in breadth, extending radially from Tycho. Craters lie indifferently on these bright streaks and on the intervening darker spaces, and some craters can be seen which lie right across a bright streak with parts of their ring on the darker regions on both sides of the streak. Of course, this proves that the craters were formed long after the great streaks. When the streaked surface was formed, it must have been tolerably smooth; for we see the streaks best under a full illumination, and there is no sign of any difference of elevation between them and the darker ground all around; they are neither long ridges nor long valleys, but mere surface markings. Yet they must have been formed by mighty vulcanian disturbance, such, indeed, as we may be certain went on at the early stage of the moon's history to which these radiating streaks must be referred. It seems clear that as Nasmith has illustrated by experiment, they belong to that stage of the moon's history when her still hot and plastic crust parted with its heat more rapidly than the nucleus of the planet, and so, contracting more quickly, was rent by the resistance of the internal matter, which, still hot and molten, flowed into the rents and spreading, formed the long, broad streaks of brighter suface.

There is a romantic love story told of a monk named Au-Chin, who lived in the neighborhood of Osaka, and was celebrated as a leech as well as noted for for piety. It happened that the wife of the principal man of a village near Osaka fell sick and Au-Chin was asked to visit her. Her life was saved, though it was long before she regained health. When her restoration to health was complete, he announced his intention of taking up his abode in a distant monastery. To his dismay he was told by the recovered woman that where he went she would go too, so she loved him so much that she could not live except in his presence. He reasoned with her upon the wickedness of such a procedure, but she would not listen. Au-Chin departed secretly, and hid himself for a while in the Dojo-ji Temple devoted to the worship of the thousand handed Kwannon. When he neared the temple he found that a great bell belonging to the monastery was lying on the ground, while the belfry was undergoing repairs. He thought it would be a good place to hide in, so he asked the brethren at the monastery to place the bell over him, which they did.

The infatuated woman, as soon as his flight became known to her, pursued him. When she came to the river Hidaka-gawa she found it had become a raging torrent, that no boatman would attempt to cross. Her jealous rage was so strong that she wished she might be changed into a dragon, that she might swim the swollen river. She became a dragon, and passed under the raging flood. When she came to the temple of Do-jo-ji she searched everywhere without finding the monk, and thought it might be possible that he had taken refuge under the bell. As it was so heavy and she could not overturn it she coiled herself about it and lashed it so furiously with her tail that it became red hot, and when the monks from the monastery came to bring the prisoner food the next day, they found nothing but a mass of charred bones to tell that their brother had ever been there. This story has been dramatized, and is told in song and prose. There is no temple or shrine throughout the length and breadth of Japan that has not attached to it some story of fabulous origin.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of Sundry Writs of Fiera Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884,

the following property, to wit:

No 1. All that certain piece of ground situated in the borough of Unionville, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of J C Smith, on the east by an alley, on the west by —— street, and on the south by Centre street. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable, and other out buildings.

Also another tract of land situated in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the southeast by plank road, on the southwest by land of Thos. Parsons, on the northeast by lands of the estate of Alexander Edminston. Thereon erected a frame dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of H W Hoover.

No. 2. All that certain piece of ground situated in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of Isaac Smyth thence by same south 42° east 92½ perches to a stone, thence north 47° east 27½ perches te a stone, thence by lands of Samuel Homan south 43° east 30 perches to a stone, thence by Edward Rogar south 56° west 54 8-10 perches to a stone, thence by John Fallon north 43° west 114 perches to stones, thence by pike north 47° east 27 perches to the place of beginning, containing 24 acres and 58 perches, neat measure.

Also another piece in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a white oak corner of Edward Rogar thence by the stone south 56° west 15 perches to a stone, thence by Isaac Smyth north 21° west 42 perches to stones, thence north 56° east 15 perches to a stone, thence by John Fallon south 31° east 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres and 150 perches.

Also another piece of ground situated in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning by a lime stone by the pike thence by land of John Fallon north 42° west 21 5-10 perches to a lime stone, thence by land of T Huston north 65½° east 8 6-10 perches to a lime stone, thence south 42° east 17 4-10 perches to a lime stone, thence by the pike south 48° west 8 2-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 154 perches. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J H Tolbert.

No. 3. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Spring Mills, in Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by Daniel Lose on the west by Mrs. Joseph McCool, on the east by Geo. A Runk and on the south by L. & T. Railroad, containing ½ acre, more or less, thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Isane.

No. 4. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Samuel Gardner north 75° east 67 perches to a pine, thence north 61° east 50 perches to a post, thence south south 30° east 68¾ perches to stones, thence by land of M. and C. Schenck south 61° west 33 perches to a post, thence south 51° west 27 perches to a pine, thence south 61° west 158 6-10 perches to stones, thence by land of John Wagner north 21½° east 134 perches to the place of beginning, containing 77 acres and 85 perches and allowance of six perches for road and less two acres for school house lot and another lot. It being the same premires conveyed to J I Gardner by James Mahaffey and wife Oct. 20, 1849 and conveyed to James Mahaffey by John Roab and wife on the 22d day of April, 1861, and conveyed to John Roab by Christian Glossner and wife on the 25th day of March, 1839, and conveyed to Christian Glossnor by Hugh Shaw and wife on the 26th day of March, 1838, conveyed to Hugh Shaw by Mary and John Brickley on the 27th day of June, 1836, and conveyed to Mary and John Brickley by Matthew Leitch on the 3d day of May, 1834, conveyed to Matthew Leitch by pattent from land office bearing date, March 25, 1834. Enrolled in pattent book "H", volume 32, page 557. Thereon erected a log dwelling house, log barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John McKan.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money be paid in full.

T. J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff's Office, Nov. 3, 1884. Sheriff.

FIFTY-TWO DIVIDENDS!

The Independent

of New York, is acknowledged to be what the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London says it is, "one of the ablest weeklies in existence." It occupies two fields—religious and literary.

It publishes each week from TWENTY-FIVE TO THIRTY-THREE per cent. more reading matter than any of its contemporaries. With the exception of its column of "Selections," every line in every issue is New, Original Matter, written expressly for it. It pays more each week for its literary matter than any three of its contemporaries put together. It has the LARGEST and BEST corps of contributors of any periodical in the world. It is undenominational in religion, and unsurpassed literary ability. Its views of books are unexcelled in journalism. Its Editorials are fearless. Its departments of Science and Biblical Researches give valuable information unobtainable elsewhere. Its Market reports and Commercial Matters are eagerly sought for by those wanting correct information upon those subjects. Its department for "Old and Young," is filled with articles in prose and poetry.

THE INDEPENDENT

has twenty-two distinct departments, edited by 22 specialists, which include Biblical Researches, Sanitary, Fine Arts, Music, Science, Pebbels, Personalities, Ministerial Register, Hymn Notes, School and College, Literature, Religious Intelligence, Missions, Sunday School, News of the Week, Finance, Commerce, Insurance, Stories, Puzzles, Selections and Agriculture. Thirty-two pages in all.

THE INDEPENDENT

is a family newspaper of the first-class, and is recognized as one the great educators of the land. Every one who wishes to be well informed upon a great variety of subjects should subscribe for it.

During the past year THE INDEPENDENT, desiring that its subscribers should have stories by the very best living authors, has published contributions from W. E. Norris, author of "Mattrimony," "No New Thing," etc.; J. S., of Dale, author "Guerndale," "The Crime of Henry Vane," etc.; Julia Schayer, author of "Tiger Lily and Other Stories;" Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated Egyptian Explorer; Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "The Senior Partner," etc.; Thos. Hardy, author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Two on a Tower," etc.; Edward Everett Hale, author of "Ten Times One is Ten;" James Payn, the celebrated English Novelist; Lucy C. Lillie, F. W. Robinson, Fred D. Storey, Henry W. Lucy, Harriett Prescott Spofford, Rebecca Harding Davis, Sarah Orne Jewett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Ivan Tourgeneff, and others.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Three months	75	One year	$4 00
Four months	$1 00	Two years	5 00
Six months	1 50	Five years	10 00

Can any one make a better investment of $2 to $3 than one which will pay

51 DIVIDENDS DURING THE YEAR?

Every intelligent family needs a Good Newspaper. It is necessary for parents and children.

A good way to make the acquaintance of THE INDEPENDENT is to send 30 cents for a "Trial Trip" of a month.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.

THE INDEPENDENT'S Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Any one wishing to suscribe for one or more papers or magazines, in connection with THE INDEPENDENT, can save money ordering from our Club List. Address,

THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. BOX 2787. NEW YORK.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW BOOK,

Deeds Of Daring

By BLUE & GRAY.

The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures on both sides during the Great Civil War. Intensely interesting accounts of exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, humorous and tragic events, perilous journeys, bold dashes, brilliant successes and magnanimous actions on each side the line. 70 chapters, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED to the life. No other book at all like it. Outsells everything. Address, STANDARD PUB. HOUSE.
12nov6m 610 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE ARE NOT OLD.

We are not old, though years have rolled
Like shadows from our path away,
Since first to me thou didst unfold
Thy love—oh! happy, happy day!
We are not old!

Thy cheeks are fairer than the rose,
Thy lips are sweeter than the dew,
Thy hand is whiter than the snows,
And as the heavens thine eyes are blue:
We are not old!

Time dealeth gently with us here,
No change our hearts have ever known;
Our joy increases year by year,
For sweet contentment is our own:
We are not old!

's in the past may we glide on,
All gently down the stream of life;
And when we reach our journey's end,
May we together rest—my wife:
We are not old!

WHY HAD HE LEFT HER?

"Papa, I would thank you for a check for three hundred pounds, before you go down town this morning."

"Why do you want so much, Anthine? I thought I gave you enough, yesterday."

"True, papa; but Madame Fontaine gives a wedding reception, for her daughter Clara, next Wednesday evening, and I must have a dress suitable for the occasion."

"Certainly my dear; your father delights in nothing so much as in seeing you enjoy the rich blessings that have been given us. I love to see you look a very queen among the rest. I was sadly disturbed yesterday afternoon."

"Why, papa?"

And stately Anthine Elleston leaned over the velvet easy-chair, and drew her white fingers caressingly through the silky white hair of the father she loved so well.

"Because just as I was leaving my office to step into the carriage, a little black eyed child, with such a famished face, put out her thin hand and begged for a penny—only one, because her papa was so sick and hungry. I was tired, cold and impatient, and I knew I had nothing else than a sovereign in my pocket, so I told the child I had nothing for her, and hurried into the carriage, and told John to drive on.

"But I caught the disappointed look on that child's face, and it has haunted me ever since."

"My dear father, you are too sensitive about such things. You are in no way to blame. You cannot be expected to give to every begger child you meet."

"I know that Thenia," which was his pet name for his elegant daughter; "but I have been thinking that, as Heaven has given much to us, He will expect much from us."

"We do all we can, I am sure; and I would think no more about this little incident. The child will get along, no doubt, well enough. They all manage to live in some way."

So the matter rested; neither father nor daughter forgetting it, either when the costly dress was bought, or later still, when in the elegantly appointed boudoir, Anthine Elleston stood before the long pier-glass, that reflected back her stately form in all its queen-like beauty, arrayed in the sea-green silk, whose folds as she moved, seemed like so many silver-tipped waves, half hid though they were by the costly lace flounces.

Diamonds and rubies sparkled on her fair neck, were clasped on each shapely arm, and shone amid the satin-like coils of her dark hair, that was wound in the form of a coronet around her head, and a gem larger than the rest sparkled above her forehead.

She was a beautiful woman; she knew it, and gloried in it. Her father was proud of her, and she strove to please him; but that which steeled her heart, and made her so haughty and reserved—so heartless, as her admirers said—was the fearful blow she received when only eighteen.

On that eighteenth birthday the grand old mansion was thrown open to a goodly company, and Anthine, in her fair young beauty, with the orange flowers on the brow, sat waiting with her bridal-robes around her, for him, who had chosen her to walk beside him down life's pathway.

Paul Wellington was a noble fellow—manly, truthful, and upright in every action of his life: even then, though only twenty-five a lawyer of some note.

But on that bridle-night, with the guests awaiting, and the bride as beautiful and loving as a bride could be, no bridegroom claimed the bride.

A telegraph to his distant home was sent, and the answer came at once that Paul Wellington, on the day he expected to start for his wedding, sailed in a steamer for India, without any explanation whatever.

It was a fearful blow to poor Anthine, but her pride came to her rescue, and when she went out again she was, as we find her now, stately, and far more beautiful than in loving girlhood.

It is seven years since that night, when the act of her lover, who seemed so noble and good to her, sent the chillness of death to her heart.

It was past understanding, and after a time she ceased trying to comprehend it, and sealed her heart to mankind, clinging only to her father, who idolized her.

Paul Wellington came from India, came once to Anthine, and begged to see her, but she refused to meet him.

Then he sent her a letter, entreating her to read his explination, but she returned it unopened.

He became distinguished in his profession, and occasionally they met in society, and though Anthine could not help noticing the sad expression on his face, she invariably avoided meeting his glance, and when obliged to speak to him, she did so with as much coolness as politeness would allow.

To night she knows that Paul Wellington is to be an honored guest at her friend's house, and almost unconsciously she has chosen her dress to suit his taste, as she remembered it so long ago.

Now she fastens her gloves and picks up her jeweled bouquet holder, in a half reverie, thinking, perhaps, of a time when she was the bride expectant, as happy for a little time as the bride she was going to greet.

"Oh, will happiness ever come to me again?" she murmurs softly to herself, as she sinks on the carriage cushions and is driven rapidly away.

The parlors were crowded, the music was perfect, the guests the gayest, the bride and bridegroom the handsomest, the whole scene like some fairy picture, but somehow, in spite of the admiration universally accorded to her, as she moved up and down the long room, looking every inch a queen in her royal beauty, her heart was strangely sad, and it was a positive relief when a maid in attendance brought her a sealed note.

Breaking the seal in the dressing-room, she read:

"In memory of one who loved you, 'not wisely, but too well,' come to your dying cousin, I send my little daughter to conduct you, late though it is. You won't refuse me, Anthine; you cannot when I am dying.

JAMES HOLMES."

It was all very strange, but Anthine, noble-hearted as ever, never hesitated one moment.

That cousin, James, had been the bane of her life. A gay, frolicsome fellow, whose love for jokes was unbounded, and whose love for Anthine was a mixture of teasing and adoration.

A long time ago he declared his intention of going to seek his fortune and a wife and this note Anthine holds in her hand is the first they have heard of him all these long years.

It took but a moment to send for her father, and give their adieu to their hostess, and they found the little girl waiting at the gate and then directed their driver to the address she gave.

But it was a sudden change, to go from the grand mansion, with its beautiful gaslight and grounds, and music and feasting, only a few streets back, into such depth of misery and filth and wickedness as they found themselves, when the carriage stopped before a tumble down looking building, with broken windows and rickety steps.

Even Anthine's step faltered as they followed the quick step of the little girl up broken stairways, down dark passages, until the garret was reached at last, hearing at every door the vilest oaths, and often screams and blows.

Anthine had often visited the poor, and to the sick and needy had often brought clothes and delicacies, but such misery she had read of, but thought it a stretch of a vivid writer's imagination—now she knew it to be real.

Opening the door that was hanging by one hinge, they entered the room of death.

One tallow-candle lighted the room, but after the darkness of the hall, it seemed quite bright, and showed plainly the straw bed in the corner, on which lay gasping the little girl's father.

It seemed impossible that the faded sallow face and attenuated form could ever have been that of the dashing and fun-loving James.

"Oh, Thenia, I knew you would come! I felt you must," said he feebly, as he held out a thin hand to each of them. "God is good, when I least deserve it."

"Tut, tut, boy; why haven't you sent to us—nay, come to us, instead of suffering like this," spoke out good Mr. Elleston.

"Oh, uncle, I could not until life was despaired of, come to those I have so deeply injured!"

"Hush, James; you were wild, but you never hurt us, and it is folly to talk so. You must go home with us now."

"Uncle — Anthine, your kindness overpowers me. Don't you see—can't you see that I am dying? and, oh, I must tell you while life lasts."

"Tell us what, James?" asked Anthine softly, as she put her cool, soft hand over his fevered forehead.

"Thenia, do you remember your wedding night, seven years ago? And did you ever wonder why Paul never came to you?"

"Yes, yes, indeed. Tell me, do you know why?" and unconsciously she drew nearer.

"Oh, Thenia, it was some of my accursed folly. I loved you and hated Paul, and was envious of him for having won what I was unworthy of. And the morning before he expected to start for you, he received a letter telling him you were married to your cousin, James Holmes, and were to start immediately on your bridal-tour, bidding him forget you and seek some one more worthy. To that letter your name was signed, Thenia, and it was posted here. You know Paul's proud heart, how such a blow was death to him, and how he sailed in the first vessel that left the harbor.

"I thought to win you then, Thenia; but in your proud eyes I saw no hope of ever taking Paul's place, so I went away and found a soft-voiced little girl, who loved me only too well, and only lived long enough after I called her wife to give me a little velvet-checked baby; whom we christened Anthine, after you; and then, with that innocent baby looking into my eyes, I wrote again to Paul, and confessed my wickedness. Directly, with new hopes, he came to you, but you refused to see him. He wrote to you, but you returned his letter unopened, and with a saddened heart he began anew, striving for fame and honor, that you might know he was incapable of the base act of which you believed him guilty. When he sought me he could not find me, until a few days ago. It was very wicked, Thenia, but oh, forgive me!" pleaded the dying man.

"It was wicked, James, but we were taught to forgive," spoke up her clear, pure voice, though her eyes were full of tears.

Poor James Holmes was weeping, too, as he gathered his little girl closer, but he was failing, as they could see.

Suddenly his eyes brightened, and said he, feebly:

"There is his step on the stairs now. Thank Heaven! he has not come too late. I can now see the hands clasped that I once seperated."

A moment more and Paul Wellington, in all his noble manhood, stood before them.

One clasp of the sick man's hand, one look in Anthine's eyes, and the estranged ones were weeping in each other's arms.

Out of the darkness has come light. Henceforth when they wept they would weep together.

Mr. Elleston grasped Paul's hand warmly, and they turned to him whose troubled look still told that life's care was not yet ended. He was pointing to his little daughter.

"She shall be cherished and cared for," was Paul's solemn answer, as he put his hand on her curly head, while her little eyes looked from one to another in childish wonder.

All care was over. He had sinned much, and much had been forgiven.

The film of death was gathering now, but a settled peace came over his face, as his uncle prayed that Heaven would be merciful, and then his soul was borne from earth away.

Months after this, when the little one had grown accustomed to her new home and her new relatives, there was a joyous, but quiet wedding. Anthine is as queen-like and beautiful as ever, but her greatest joy is in her own home with her father, and husband and children.

Her little namesake is tenderly cherished and little pleading voices that say, "A penny—only one," are never turned away empty handed, for the little dark-eyed child that haunted Mr. Elleston so was poor James's little Anthine.

Tired Birds.

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer-land of the Amazon, after a short stay returning again to the North, penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible; but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping-off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Carribean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were, perhaps, stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or a piece of driftwood.

Horse Training in Arabia.

The training the Arab horse has to endure is not only very severe, but it embraces a more varied system of exercise than falls to the lot of the English horse. The Arabs not only train their horses to endure fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and the maneouvers so necessary in battle, but they also teach them to shine at feasts by the following accomplishments:

El Entrabe "the caracol." The horse walks, so to speak, on his hind legs. Scarcely does he touch the ground with his fore-feet than he rises again. One hand, in concert with the legs soon trains to this exercise a horse of fair intelligence.

El Gueteaa, "the bucking." The horse springs up with all fours off the ground, the horseman at the same time throwing up his gun into the air and cleverly catching it. To obtain this action, the rider marks certain intervals of rest, and works with his legs. He gives with the animal as it rises, in order to hold him up when he comes down again. Nothing can be more picturesque than this movement. The horses quit the earth, the guns fly into the air, the ample folds of the burnous float and unroll themselves in the wind, thrown back by the vigorous arms of the children of the desert.

Lastly, *El Berraka*, "the kneeling." The rider, remaining on the saddle, causes his horse to kneel down. This in the *ne plus ultra* of the horse and the animal. Not every horse is fit for this exercise. The colt is trained to it by kicking him on the coronet, pinching him on the legs, and forcing him to bend the knee. After a time the horseman will reap the benefit of these preliminary steps. He need only clear his feet of the stirrups, stretch his legs forward, turn out the points of his toes, touch with his long spurs the animals forearm, and then, as his piece is fired at marriage feasts and other rejoicings, his horse will kneel down, amid the applause of the young maidens piercing the air with joyous acclamations.

Nevertheless, endurance is the quality most cultivated in the Arab horse. It is necessary that the horse should be able to travel long distances upon scanty food and little water, for in African deserts the place where man and horse can refresh are few and far between; wells are many miles apart, and even when the traveler has found water for himself and steed, the chances are that no food can be had except what the horse and his rider have brought with them from their last resting place.

"Every horse inured to fatigue brings good fortune," the Arabs say. So to speak, he is always on the march. He travels with his master, who is one of the greatest travelers on horseback in the world. He travels to seek his food; he travels long distances in search of water, and this sort of life renders him abstinent and not easily tired.

The Czar's Dominions

A traveler in Russia says that the remark that "he who knows only St. Petersburg and Moscow has not seen Russia" was accentuated in my experience, when, on my way to Central Asia, I accepted an invitation to a nobleman's seat in the Russian interior. Previous journeys to the extremities of the empire had brought me in contact with diverse races along the high roads, but I was anxious to see what the peasant was like, not when shouting "Long life to the Czar" under the walls of the Kremlin, but when buried at home, out of reach of steamer and railway whistle, and miles away from a post road, a telegraph station or a post-office. With interest, therefore, after driving over dusty roads, the whole of a summer night, I found myself in the early morning approaching my destination. "You must not expect to find anything peculiarly Russian about the house," my friends had said, "for it is a new structure, of Elizabethan architecture." And so from the outside it was. One might have fancied it a Kentish mansion, purchased for £50,000, and set down in the middle of a Russian estate.

The interior of the house was somewhat more adapted to Muscovite ideas in that the doors opened one into the other, and the sleeping apartments of the family could be cut off from the rest. The materials of the house had been obtained for the most part on the spot. The bricks were burnt on the estate, and the handsome carving and wainscoting of the hall were of indigenous timber. Some of the ornamentation, however was from abroad. The panels of the drawing-room walls were filled with immense Italian paintings, and the room of my hostess was hung with photographs of the masterpieces of Raphael.

In keeping with this was the intellectual culture of the family. English was spoken by parents and children all day long, and French, German and Russian when required. In the morning we read, wrote and took horse exercise, and in the evening were enlivened with classical music, after which, it was but a step out of the drawing-room doors on to the spacious terrace to look in the gloaming over one of those vast Russian plains, which can hardly be called beautiful, but which are striking to an Englishman by reason of their vastness and unlikeness to anything he sees at home. The mansion was built on a hill at the foot of which a river meandered, containing trout and perch; and intervening were terraced lawns and grounds, covered in their seasons with homely buttercups and daisies, as well as for get-me-nots, wild roses and lilies of the valley. The grounds were planted, not, indeed, with conifers (for there are none on the estate), but with tall poplars and sturdy oaks up to two feet in diameter, clusters of pliant willows and graceful birch, together with lime, beech and elm. These trees are a refuge for the cuckoo, thrush and nightingale, while a little further off in the forests are to be found, among birds, rooks and crows, ravens, hawks and eagles, and among animals, hares, foxes and wolves.

But it was not the mansion that interested me so much as its surroundings. The estate consisted of about 25,000 acres, of which one-fifth is forrest and one-twentieth pasture, the soil varying between good black earth, loam, sand, loam and sand with clay beneath, and in some parts all clay. It furnishes no building stone, but plenty of alabaster, which remains, however, unworked. Growing wild were to be found horseradish, raspberries, strawberries, black currants and fruit called rebiua; while on the cultivated lands wheat was said to thrive (but not barley), and buckwheat, rye, oats, peas, flax and hemp. Beens, too, are grown in gardens, and tobacco. I inquired, of course, the cost of this produce, and found that on the spot, for the pood of 36 English pounds, wheat and buckwheat sold for 2s., rye, 1s. 8d.; oats, 1s. 4d.; potatoes, 7d. a bushel; and hay from 2½d. to 4d. the pood, this last being of tolerable quality, but not comparable to English fodder. Ordinary land yields from 25 to 35 poods of hay an acre, and the better sort from 50 to 70 poods, with, sometimes, a second crop.

The estate is inhabited by about 1,000 families, living in wooden, thatched houses, usually of two rooms only, built often of willow, of which a log 30 feet long and 10 inches in diameter costs a couple of shillings, the outer bark of the tree being used for roofing and the inner bark for matting and ropes. The houses were furnished only scantily. Twenty in the home villiage might each perhaps possess a bed, but not one of them a bed and bedstead, too. It was common, however, for a family to posess a cow, one or more horses, and three or four sheep; a good specimen of the last weighing 40 pounds to 50 pounds, and its wool selling from 4½d. to 5d. per pound. The food of the peasants was extremely simple, consisting of rye bread and stchee, or soup of cabbage and fat; soaked and boiled buckwheat eaten with hempseed oil; mushrooms, curds, and onions, For drink they consumed kvas (small beer made from rye bread) and here and there tea, though this latter had not become general among them. Beef was a delicacy and cost 2d. per pound, mutton 1½d., pork 2½d. Chickens sold from 2½d. to 4d. each, ducks from 5d. geese for 20d., while extravagant persons feasted on turkeys at 2s. each. The clothing of the peasantry was in keeping with their food. A man's summer suit consists of a cotton shirt, a pair of linen trousers and shoes of lime-tree bark, the best costing 5d. per pair. If a peasant aspires to high top boots they cost him from 12s. to 14s., he pays about the same price for his homespun kaftan, while in winter his sheepskin shouba or coat may cost him from 16s. to 30s.—dearer I may remark, than I paid at Khiva, where common shoubas could be had for 10s each.

Glass Floors.

"Living in glass houses is not an improbability for the future, and may have its influence in making the human race more peaceable. Already in many of the business houses of Paris, and especially in those of which the cellars are used as offices, glass is now being extensively employed instead of boards for flooring. At the headquarters of the Crenit Lyonnis, on the Boulevard des Italiens, the whole of the ground floor is paved with large squares of roughened glass embedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellars beneath there is, on even dull days, sufficient light to enable the clerk to work without gas. The large central hall at the offices of the Comptoir d' Escompte has lately been provided with a similar flooring; and it is said that although its prime cost is considerably greater than that of boards, glass is in the long run far cheaper, owing to its almost unlimited durability. The material is cast in slabs just about eighteen inches square by an inch and a half thick, and transmits a bluish light.

How to Buy Pictures.

"Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated,' or 'educated,' or how great 'authority' he or she may be." This is somewat startling, coming from a journal devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reason therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then "try it by living with it;" if it be really good "it will help the purchaser to get something as good or, it may be, better the next time." The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The best victory is to vanquish one's heart.

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.

Truth is the highest thing that man can keep.

If everyone mend one, all can be mended.

If you cannot do as you wish, do as well as you can.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth.

Obstinacy and heat in an argument are surest proofs of folly.

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.

We have not always enough reason to employ all our strength.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

Justice is the bread of nations; they are always famishing for it.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the souls grows corrupt.

A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, remember.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

Animals feed, men eat; but only men of intelligence know how to eat.

Do what good you can, but leave room for promises and engagements.

Poverty destroys pride. It is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright.

The heart of life is the love that is in it, and the worthiness of the persons loved.

Slumber not in the tents of your columns. The world is advancing, advance with it.

A good soul may hide behind an uncomely face, and a good religion behind an uncomely creed.

Superstition is to religion what astrology is to astronomy; a very stupid daughter of a very wise mother.

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

Directly the idea of durability fades from the mind of the workman, not only does his work begin to suffer, but also his manhood.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

At the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter; nor will the bailiff or the constable enter. For industry pays debts, as despair increaseth them.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

If it is part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart, always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt.

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

Any work, no matter how humble, that man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

The bad man, diffusing the hue of his own spirit over the world, sees it full of treachery, selfishness and deceit. The good man is continually looking for and sees noble qualities.

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.

Do not press your young children into book learning, but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow beings.

There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do the more we are able to accomplish.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it.

A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

All trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all or conceal all. We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man from whom we think any one single circumstances is to be concealed.

There is, I know not how, said Cicero, in minds a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; this has the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, be they few or many, small or great, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and surliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble.

TO HEAR HER SING.

To hear her sing—it is to hear
The laugh of childhood ringing clear
In woody path or grassy lane
Our feet may never fare again,

Faint, far away as memory dwells,
It is to hear the village bells
At twilight, as the truant hears
Them, hastening home, with smiles and tears.

Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything—
The simple things of every day
Grow lovelier than words can say.

The idle brooks that purl across
The gleaming pebbles and the moss,
We love no less than classic streams—
The Rhines and Amos of our dreams.

To hear her sing—with folded eyes,
It is beneath Venetian skies,
To hear the gondoliers' refrain;
Or troubadors of sunny Spain.

To hear the bulbul's voice that shook
The throat that trilled for Lalla Rookh,
What wonder we in homage bring
Our hearts to her—to hear her sing.

MARIETTE'S HAIR.

Little Mariette had long yellow hair. It was so long that it fell almost to her knees whenever she pulled her comb from it and tossed her head, like a bird shaking its plumes. It was as yellow as ripened grain and showed golden lights that made one imagine that it had caught and imprisioned the light of the morning sun whose rays had indiscreetly lingered to kiss her white shoulders as she braided her hair before the window. Ah, the beautful tresses of Mariette! Many youthful gallants dreamed of them. Among these was Jean, a young man of twenty, and one fine day Jean and Mariette were married.

Jean was a clever, merry youth, who looked upon life as if it were a good farce. He was gifted by nature with a talent for drawing. It was by this talent he expected to make his way in the world.

Well, Mariette and Jean were married. Why? Because they loved each other, of course. Jean, who treated Mariette as a comrade, carried his heart in his hand. One evening, when they had clasped hands for a longer time than usual, Mariette found his heart in her little palm. The giddy-headed Jean had forgotten it. To punish him, Mariette kept it. That is the whole story.

The day after their marriage Jean, after searching his pockets, found three francs.

"They will not last us very long," he said.

They hardly lasted until dinner, which was somewhat abridged. Jean and Mariette, however recovered themselves at supper—a supper of fond caresses and kisses.

Two days afterward Jean was surprised by the receipt of five hundred francs. An uncle who lived in the province had sent it to him as a wedding gift. After having pinched each other to assure themselves that they were not dreaming, the couple began to lay their plans, and talked of buying everything in Paris. Mariette was the first to become serious.

"Give me the money," she said. "I will take care of the cash box. It is necessary for us to economize and think of the future,"

Jean, with a royal gesture, handed her the bank notes, and took no more thought of the money. One thought only troubled him a little. When he went into the street and saw himself in the large glasses of the store windows he found that he had a bourgeois appearance and he was constantly examining himself to see if he had not reduced his obesity somewhat. Then, in order to make himself slender, he would run about Paris searching for work.

At the end of a fortnight Mariette began to experience great uneasiness. It could hardly be believed—the 500 francs were nearly exhausted. Was it possible? Was there not some magic under it all? Mariette became grave and reflected a long time.

"You know," she said to Jean in the evening, "it is eight days since you have had work."

"I know that very well," he replied. "But why that serious air? Have we no more money?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "only a man ought not to be doing nothing."

"You are right. I will look for work, but it is not easy to find."

Eight days later Mariette became very anxious. She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that starvation was at hand. She said nothing to Jean, knowing that he was doing his best to find work. She tried to imagine what would be the end of this terrible misery. She began to practice the most extreme economy.

At the end of a week Mariette had become a most prudent as well as a most clever manager.

One morning, as Jean was about to depart, Marriette was seized with a fit of weeping. One hundred sous—only one hundred sous were left—only enough to last two days—and then! Decidedly everything looked black. She made her toilet, however, but not without sighing. As she was putting up her hair before the glass she found that she had no hairpins left.

"Another expense!" she groaned.

When she went into the street she entered the shop of a hairdresser at the corner to buy a package of hairpins for two sous. The hairdresser was busy in a corner of his shop braiding a plait of blonde hair which was fastened by a nail to a wooden head.

"You have no need of that," he said, glancing toward Mariette's hair.

"No; fortunately not," replied Mariette, "for that must be dear."

"Oh, it costs twenty-five francs."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for the labor of arranging it, you know, brings a good price."

"To be sure! But the hair alone, that is worth something?"

"Indeed, it is! This now is worth fifteen francs."

"Fifteen francs! How much would mine be worth on my head?"

"Let me see it."

Mariette drew down her comb, and, as she shook her head her luxuriant hair fell about her.

"Ah," exclaimed the hair dresser, "a beautiful head of hair."

Then, suddenly restraining his enthusiasm as he scented business, he added:—

"That is worth—well, a hundred francs would pay you well for it. Do you wish to sell it?"

"Not to-day," replied Mariette, as she put up her hair, "but one of these days, perhaps. For some time it has tired my head very much."

"But we could arrange not to cut it all at once. I would buy it by the piece.

"That will be a good idea. Well, we will see."

And Marriette went homeward in a thoughtful mood. Jean had just returned for dinner.

"Jean," said Mariette, with a little laugh, "do you know what the hairdresser below has just proposed to me?"

"No."

"He wishes to give me a hundred francs for my hair."

"What an absurd idea."

"Oh, I don't know.' When our money gives out that would be a resource worth thinking of."

Jean suddenly worked himself into an angry passion, saying that if ever she did such a thing— Well, what would he do? He did not know, but—Well, anyway, only a woman could have thought of such an absurd idea.

Mariette made no reply. A fortnight later as she was combing her hair, Jean, who had forgotten something, hastily entered the room.

"Goodby," he said, embracing his wife.

Then he suddenly paused.

"Look here! This is strange. One would say your hair was falling out."

"Do you think so?" answered Mariette, drawing her hair through her hands. "Yes, it has seemed to me for some time past that it has been falling out somewhat,"

"Then buy a hair restorative."

"Bah! they are worthless."

Eight days afterward, as he leaned over the bed to say goodby to Mariette, who was rather lazy that morning, Jean said:—

"Decidedly, your hair is becoming thin; you have not nearly so much as formerly."

"Yes, yes," replied Mariette, sinking back and burying her neck in her pillow; "it falls out continually. Well, when I have none left you will no longer love me!"

"You deserve not to be loved for saying so. But be patient. If I conclude my negotations to-day we will bring back your hair. I promise you that."

At mid-day Jean returned, entering the room so hurriedly that he failed to close the door behind him.

"There," he cried, "the bargain is concluded. It appears that I have talent, talent enough. I am engaged for 300 francs a month. Peru and Golconda! And to begin with, I have received pay for half a month in advance. Look at that! I am rolling in wealth!"

And the triumphant Jean threw five Louis on the table.

Mariette, astonished, looked at him with admiration.

"But," said she suddenly, "why have you all those bottles?"

"To restore your hair, madame," replied Jean. "I have a dozen bottles of the best hair restorative. I have rifled all the perfumers."

"And for that?"

"Yes. I paid only fifty francs; no more."

Mariette almost fell to the floor.

"Ah! you have done a fine thing!" she exclaimed.

"How so?"

"Why my hair is not falling out. Here look at it."

And, taking her hair in both hands, she pulled it without moving a muscle. Then, as her astonished husband stared at her, with open mouth, she broke into a hearty laugh.

But Jean suddenly approached her, and, seizing her hands, thrust them aside.

"It is not possible!" he said, in a changed tone.

"Why not possible?" answered Mariette.

"Cut! You have cut your hair?"

"Well, it was necessary—to live, as we were out of money a month ago."

Jean for a moment remained silent and motionless. Then he tenderly pressed his wife to his bosom and kissed her forehead.

As she let him do this without saying a word. Mariette perceived two large tears fall upon her hair.

"Ah, foolish fellow!" she said, "be reasonable. My hair will grow again—have no fear—for those two tears will do it more good than your dozen bottles of restorative."

American and Indian Wheat.

Statistics have appeared showing the imports of wheat into the United Kingdom from September 1, 1883, to March 31, 1884, and also showing how largely the export from the United States to England is falling off. During the period above named, the total export of grain from the States to Great Britain was 12,780,496 bushels, whereas in the corresponding period of 1882-3 it was 21,697,119 bushels. India, Russia, and Australasia very largely made up the deficiency. The fact now remains that there is an increased surplus in America over 1883, while the crop prospects in Europe are good. Although, as claimed by the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, India is capable of supplying not only the wants of the United Kingdom, but of producing an unlimited supply, American wheat can be placed with a profit at a lower rate than Indian wheat can be sold in Mark lane as a rule. The Indian railway system extends over 10,000 miles of track, and has scarcely penetrated the central provinces, which are best adapted for wheat. Allowing a production for British India of 190,000,000 of bushels, to which require to be added 50,000,000 of bushels from the protected States, not a fourth can be got out of the localities.

The proud are the most provoked by pride.

Wild Frank, Scout.

Wild Frank, scout, is one of the best known, honest, most reckless, dare-devil rangers on the Southwestern frontier. Tower was born in Iowa, and when he came to Texas 15 years ago was a boy of seventeen. He found employment at a cow-ranche on the Pecos river and the wild, rough life he led in camp and on the trail hardened his muscles, steadied his nerves and developed all of those courageous qualities which distinguish the frontiersman. He became a superb horseman and wonderfully skilled in the use of the six-shooter and Winchester. He has had many hazardous adventures in the West and South. One time he set out to carry some despatches to an American officer. About 50 miles from camp he met seven Indians driving a bunch of stolen horses. Intent on the management of the stolen animals the Indians failed to notice the approach of the scout. When he was discovered he opened fire upon them and, before they had recovered from their astonishment, three of their number lay dead on the plain. Then they returned the intrepid man's fire and the first volley killed his horse. Nothing daunted he dropped behind the body of the dead animal and a bullet plowed through his leg. The Indians set up an exultant shout and spurred forward. Taking careful aim at the foremost Frank discharged his rifle and more than half his enemies had been destroyed. The Indians retreated in dismay and took counsel as to the best means of attack. After a lengthy powwow they mounted their ponies and driving the loose animals before them rode off. Frank rose to his feet. His wound pained him and the limb began to swell. A long journey lay before him and he had no horse. Limping painfully he turned his face toward the setting sun, determined to carry his dispatches through safely or die. First he scalped the four dead Indians, All that day, under a burning sun, he crept across the arid plain. His throat parched with thirst and fever rioted in his brain. He became delirious and, raving and shouting, wandered aimlessly about the plain. The next morning a company of United States soldiers, who had been following the trail of the Indians, overhauled the wounded ranger and going into camp nursed him back to life and reason. When he was fully recovered he was provided with a horse and in three days delivered the papers that had been entrusted to his care to Sergeant Floyd. He made the journey back to the main camp safely, but he made no report of his adventure and the story would never have been known but for the soldiers. When the truth came out Frank modestly admitted that he had "met a small bunch of Indians" and exhibited the four scalps as trophies. He was a mighty hunter and while with the rangers kept us well supplied with fresh meat. Once in the Guadaloupe Mountains, while hunting for bear, he came upon two half-grown cubs in a small canyon. He shot both, and was busily engaged skinning one of the dead animals when the mother bear suddenly appeared and leaped upon the unsuspecting hunter. He had laid aside his rifle and six-shooter and was armed only with a hunting knife. The attack of the monster was so sudden that Frank could only lunge out with his knife, and then man and brute closed in mortal combat. The struggle lasted some time and Frank's clothes were torn into shreds. He was badly scratched and bruised, but he finally succeeded in plunging his knife into the bear's heart and staggered to his feet a victor. He had been roughly handled in the fight and it was several weeks before he recovered from his injuries.

When Frank left the Rangers he determined upon a trip through Mexico, and this was one of his numerous adventures in the Land of the Montezumas: He crossed the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte and amused himself for four or five days hunting and fishing. Game of all sorts was abundant and the simple-hearted peasantry were kind and hospitable. One afternoon the sky became overcast and when toward night a furious storm burst he sought shelter at a casa rancho. No one was in sight when he rode up to the massive gate of the corral, and it was not until he had pounded vigorously on the barrier with the butt of his cuarte and called loudly several times that the door opened and a sour-visaged, wrinkled old Mexican woman appeared on the threshold. Frank demanded shelter in Spanish, but before the hag could reply a brutal-looking man, who spoke English like an American, pushed her aside and began to question the stranger. Frank's answers were evidently satisfactory, for the ranchero bade him enter and a peon hoppled his horse and turned the animal loose to graze. Frank's host provided him with a change of clothing—his own was wet—and after supper conducted him to a room. When the door opened a young and beautiful girl rose and faced the two men inquiringly. The ranchero addressed her.

"This stranger will camp with us Eleanor," he said. "He will occupy this room. You can sleep with Dolores."

"The girl bowed and, gathering up some fancy needlework upon which she had been engaged left the room.

"She's my daughter," said the stern-visaged ranchero when they were alone.

When he finally retired from the room Frank closed the door. It had no lock, and placing his six-shooter under his pillow he threw himself upon the bed without undressing. The anomaly of a beautiful and accomplished girl being the voluntary resident of a miserable ranche house and acknowledged as a daughter by so villainous-appearing a man as his host excited Frank's suspicions and he examined the room carefully to discover some clue to the identity of the fair stranger. The room was comfortably, almost luxuriously furnished, and the books which filled the shelves of a hanging closet and were scattered about the room, the pictures on the walls and the general air of refinement convinced him that the girl was far above the average ranchero's daughter in education. He looked through the books and searched every bit of paper in the room, but without finding a clue to the mysterious Eleanor's identity. Still thinking of her and her strange surroundings Frank fell asleep, to be aroused by someone gently shaking him. He started up and discovered by the dim light of a taper which she bore that his visitor was the beautiful Eleanor. He attempted to speak, but she signed for him to be silent and whispered the words:

"Follow me."

Buckling on his six-shooter belt Frank followed her from the room and she led the way through several narrow entries to the yard. His horse stood ready saddled and bridled just outside the corral gate. The girl pointed to the caparisoned animal.

"You are an American," she said. "Your life will not be safe here."

She pointed again to the horse and retreated into the house. After a moment's hesitation Frank mounted his animal and rode away. Day was just dawning. He made inquiries about the ranche people he had just quitted, but could learn nothing concerning them. A few months thereafter while at Saltillo he strolled by the walls of a rich convent one evening. The heavy gate swung open and two Sisters of the order came out. They started at sight of the stranger and Frank uttered an exclamation of surprise. One of the nuns was the beautiful Eleanor, who had so mysteriously assisted him to leave the old ranche house.

"Eleanor!" he said and started toward her. The nun shook her head and laid her finger on her lips as a sign of silence. The scout drew back, the two nuns passed and he saw them no more. The next morning the citizens of Saltillo were horrified and excited. The nunnery of Saint Dolores had been robbed of valuable plate and jewels and it was presumed the vandals were led by the celebrated female bandit El Chiquita, who had a hiding place in the mountains toward the Rio Grande and was the terror of all that country. The daring women had entered the convent in the guise of a pious novitiate, had learned the secrets of the convent and at the first favorable moment admitted her confederates, who had robbed the nunnery of all its valuable treasure and escaped safely with their booty. They described the false nun "and," concluded Frank, as he told me the story, "will you believe it, the description exactly tallied with Eleanor. She was captured by the rurales about three months thereafter and I was on the plaza when she was shot. She died without making a confession and no one knew who she was nor where she was from. Her career had been wilder than the most exaggerated romance. She was reported to be wholly devoid of mercy, but she did me a good turn and—well, she was an American, and I felt sorry for her."

Rochefort's Sinecure.

Henri Rochefort relates the following good story on himself: "When I was a clerk at the Prefecture of the Seine in the Cemetery Bureau I was about the worst employe in the office. In fact, I never went there at all (one of my colleagues, a hump-backed little fellow, used to do my work in consideration of my keeping him in theater tickets) except to renew my stock of stationery to be used for my comedies and articles in the *Charivari*. It so happened that I had just then a piece in rehearsal at the Vaudeville, in which Francine Cellie, for whose beauty Baron Haussman, Prefect of the Seine, had an especial weakness, was cast for a leading role. Of course I passed all my time at the Vaudville superintending all the rehearsals of my piece, and naturally the head of the Cemetery Department at last got impatient. One day, when I came to draw my salary of 125 francs a month, he said: "I am going to ask the Prefect to revoke your appointment," and as Baron Haussman entered the office at that moment, he was as good as his word. "Monsieur le Prefect,' said he, 'I have a young man attached to my department whom I never see here and who spends all his time writing for the theaters and the newspapers.'

"'What is his name?'

"'Henri Rochefort."

"'Stop a bit; it seems to me I have heard that name before. The young man has a piece in rehearsal at the Vaudeville,' and he picked up a newspaper in which the cast was mentioned, to satisfy himself that Francine Cellie was in it.

"'Well, Monsieur le Prefect?' asked the head of the Cemetery Department.

"'Well, Monsieur le Chef de Bureau,' answered Haussman, who was anxious that the actress should keep her role, 'you are asking me to do something which is very difficult—indeed, it seems to me to be impossible.'

"'How so?'

"'How can I put a man out of the office who is never here?' and before the astonished chief could find an answer Haussman had left the room. The next day I was transferred to the Fine Art Department, with the title of Inspector. As there was nothing to inspect, I soon afterwards sent in my resignation."

Wheat Gambling.

Gambling in wheat at Chicago is described thus: A loafer comes in with his hair cut short, and then puts his head in the window where four or five clerks are sitting in a kind of showcase, and he says: "Ten thousand bushels of wheat." He deposits $100 for all that. The man who gets the money shouts it to the next man, who records it in a magnificent day-book, and then the man with the ledger some distance below takes it down, and so it goes down with all the seriousness of an actual transaction, whereas not a bushel of wheat was purchased. That $100 is good till wheat shall go off 1 cent, and the moment it does they sell the man's wheat, which never was bought, the entire transaction being like Ferdinand Ward's, mere moonshine, but if the wheat should slip up 1 cent, the young man comes back and says: "I will sell my wheat," and they meekly give him about $88, taking one-eighth of 1 per cent off. How preposterous it is to shut up gambling houses when this sort of thing is going on in almost every large hotel in the country now.

A Famous Scotch Duel.

Even when sport fails the Highlands have always some resource by which to amuse the stranger. The other day I came across an old gamekeeper who was able to throw light on the subject of the famous duel, in 1822, between Mr. Stewart, of Dunerran and Sir Alexander Boswell, of Achinleck. It may be remembered that a few weeks ago there appeared in many Scottish journals—and in not a few English ones—a note announcing that a history of the Boswell family was being written by an Ayrshire man of letters, and that the history of the duel was to be cleared away. If the Ayrshire journalist's story runs on the same lines as do previous narratives of the same event, it will differ entirely from the tale of the Highland gamekeeper. If any one should know the true version that Gaelic chronicler should, for he was in the service of one of the principals, and learned the details from the mouth of an eye witness. It is generally understood that the duel arose out of a political quarrel and a political squib. It did nothing of the kind. It arose out of a dispute about a breed of oxen for which Mr. Stewart, of Dunerran, was famed, and it culminated in Sir A. Boswell, through the columns of the *Sentinel*, dubbing his opponent "The Dunneran Ox." That, of course, would never do, and Mr. Stewart was stirred up by Lord Rosslyn to seek vengeance on his traducer. The duel was fought on the shores of Auchtertool Loch, in Fifeshire. At first the odds seemed all in favor of the Baronet, for he was a dead shot and could "snuff his candle at twenty yards twenty times running." On the other hand Stewart had a miserable aim. He never lifted his gun to his shoulder and "could not hit a bucket at five yards distance." The conditions of the fight were that the combatants were to be put back to back; and that, on a given signal, they were to walk twelve paces in opposite directions and then turn to fire. It is at this stage probably that the mystery begins; for instead of walking twelve as he was in honor bound, Stuart ran eight or nine and then turning fired off his pistol with both hands. The bullet struck Sir Alexander on the back, and the worthy warrior fell. Then Stewart flung his pistol into the Loch of Auchtertool, or, as the gamekeeper put it, "gart it fuug into the water," and hastened off to the postchaise awaiting him. He fled immediately to Belgium, from which he returned a year afterward. The government of the day never attempted to arrest him and he spent the rest of his days peacefully in Fifeshire. This story, it will be observed, is altogether different from the accepted narrative. In spite of its extraordinary character it bears in its details indubitable traces of truth. It dispels the halo of mystery that has so long surrounded the fate of one of the most popular and gifted of Scottish lairds and lyrists.

An Omission.

A few days ago two men, who were afterward found to be Detroiters, arrived in a town about 50 miles West, leading a pig. It was perhaps big enough and heavy enough to be called a hog, but they termed it a pig, and as they turned it over to the care of the landlord at whose inn they proposed to rest for the night one of the men explained:

"Be awful careful of that pig. He's a daisy—a new breed just from Scotland. We've sold him to a farmer out here for $50 and we don't want anything to happen to him."

The landlord locked the pig up, and then began to think and cogitate and suspect. When the strangers had gone to bed he called in some of the boys and said:

"I've twigged the racket; them two fellows are sharpers, and that's a guessing pig. To-morrow they will give you a chance to guess at its weight at ten cents a guess, and you'll be cleaned out—only you won't! As the fellows sleep we will weigh their pig and beat their game.

Nobody slept until the pig was taken over to the scales and weighed. He pulled down 170 pounds to a hair, and the villagers went home and hunted up their nickels and dreamed of pigs and scales and sharpers through the remainder of the night.

Next morning the pig was led around in front, and before starting off on his journey one of the owners remarked to the assembled crowd:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to weigh this pig directly. Maybe some of you would like to guess on its weight? I'll take all guesses at 10 cents each, and whoever hits it gets 50 cents.

This provoked a large and selected stock of winks and smiles, but no one walked up until the man said that any person could guess as many times as he cared to, provided a dime accompanied each guess. Then a rush set in. Three or four merchants put up fifty guesses each. A justice of the peace took 30. A lawyer said about 20 would do for him. Before there was any let up in the guessing about six hundred had been registered and paid for. Every soul of 'em guessed at 170 pounds. It was curious what unanimity there was in the guessing, but the pig men didn't seem to notice it. When all had been given a chance the pig was led to the scales, and lo! his weight was exactly 174 pounds!

"You see, gentlemen," explained the spokesman, "while this animal only weighs 170 pounds along about eleven o'clock at night, we feed him about five pounds of oatmeal before weighing. You forgot to take this matter into consideration!"

Then somebody kicked the landlord, and he kicked the justice and the justice kicked a merchant, and when the pig men looked back from a distant hill the whole town was out kicking itself and throwing empty wallets into the river.

Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet.

The hippophile is earnestly at work. Horse-shoes of sheep's horn are now made in Lyons, France. They are for use, particularly, on street pavements, as they prevent slipping on smooth stones and tram rails.

Chinese Burial Grounds.

As you walk around Shanghai you think that about half the land is waste. You fancy it is left, as large coverts and heather-clad heaths are left where game-preserving flourishes; but if you look closer, you see tuft-covered mounds. It is a burial ground. Nowhere else in that neighborhood will you see a square yard of land that is not under tillage. Half our little wars with the Chinese came from trespassing on these cemeteries. The French at Shanghai had what threatened to be a big row when they wanted to drive a road through one of them. They are "taboo." Sometimes of an evening you may see a village elder walking round and explaining to the youngsters that their ancestor of a hundred years ago is buried here, and that five mounds off lies that happy father who was raised to the rank of marquis because his son came out first classic and senior wrangler in the final examination. I am speaking of an old burial ground. In a new one you see the solid, highly-varnished coffins (often carved) lying on the surface. There they are left for a year or two, after which they are thatched or bricked over, according to the wealth of the family, the result being a mausoleum like those set up to several of our royal family. This soon gets grown over with grass and weeds, and ends by becoming a mound, still hallowed in the recollection of the elders, still visited on anniversaries with the appointed offerings. The thing to remember is that in China all is above ground; there is no digging of graves; simply laying down of coffins and covering in by-and-by.

In old times they used to bury beside their dead gold and precious stones of all kinds. They are more economical nowadays; one remembers how they burn horses, and birds, and furniture, etc., cut out of gold or red paper, instead of the old offerings, which have grown too costly. In their present state of mind, the Chinese are not likely to take to cremation or to let their grave-fields be desecrated by plough or spade; therefore they are bound to go re for sewage, and if our people out thein want to make life pleasanter, let them try to get an imperial edict for deodorizing. Our residents cannot complain much about the unhealthiness of the present system. The Chinese are, on the whole, a healthy people.

Keep Him Warm.

He had six fly screens under his arm, and was talking to a man in front of a house on Hastings street.

"I am offering these at fifty per cent. below their cash value," he explained, "because I want to get out of town."

"Vhell, it vhas soon coming winter, und I like to know how some flies come aroundt den?" the man answered.

"That's true enough, my friend, but the fly question is not the only thing. These screens save twenty-five per cent. in fuel."

"Vhell?"

"They give an air of refinement to a house."

"Vhell?"

"I don't say that they keep out cholera altogether, but you can't point to a house in Detroit provided with them which has had a case of cholera."

"Vhell, dot vhas so."

"In buying them you help a poor man to reach the bedside of his dying wife in Buffalo."

"Yes."

"You add at least $200 to the value of your place."

"Yes."

"They are not a burglar-alarm, but when a burglar finds them in the windows he turns away discouraged."

"Dot vhas good."

"The air which enters your house is strained, as it were, and must therefore be free of chips, gravel, sand, dust and other substances deleterious to health."

"I see."

"And you will take 'em?"

"My frendt, vhas dose fly-screens like a watch dog? If some poys come in der alley dose dey raise a big row und let me know?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"If I vhas in a row mit my vhife, does dose fly-screens help me out?"

"Of course not."

"If I come home in der night und der front door vhas locked, und I can't get in, does dose fly-screens make it all right?"

"No, sir—no, sir. How can you expect any such things from fly-screens?"

"Vhell, I doan' know. I guess you petter moof along to der next corner. Eaferypody says I vhas sweet-tempered und kind, but if a man come along und impose on me und take me for some greenhorns, I let myself oudt and knock him so far into next Shanuary dot fly-screens doan' keep him warm."

Concerning Bridesmaids.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridesmaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of their principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill-mistress, "sizing" them, so that "no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridesmaid was not only provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a posey pinned to the breastfolds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand. In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand, she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridesmaids as they dance around her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married in a year from that date.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 12, 1884.

REDEEMED!

Cleveland Pres't!

HONEST MEN REJOICE!

Right has Triumphed at Last.

There is victory all around and this is the

GUN THAT THUNDERS

the glad tidings to a people plundered by Republican leaders for the last twenty years.

This is the rooster that has been pronounced dead every year for 24 years, yet now turns out sleek and sound to

CROW FOR VICTORY

and that the "rascals" have at last been turned out. He will live to crow again in 1888.

This is the face of the fellow who is the

GREAT LETTER WRITER

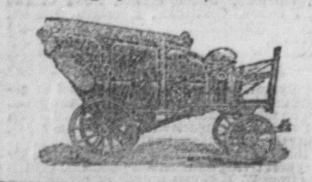
who ran for President against Cleveland, and who wrote to dear Fisher that he was a very sick man. His face shows that he feels as bad as he looks, and is still awful sick.

This is the fellow who gave his

FIRST VOTE FOR CLEVELAND

and he crows over it for having helped in the glorious work of Nov. 4.

The Democrats have made a clean sweep this time, and thrashed the Blainetes thoroughly. This is the



DEMOCRATIC THRESHER AND SEPARATOR

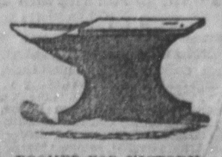
that did the good clean work last week.

This is the fellow who ran the Blaine side-show known as

UGLY BEN

as he looked and felt the day after the election. He has a cup of Jersey lightning to drown his shame and sorrow.

This is the anvil that



BOOMED FOR VICTORY

at Centre Hall, and sent the glad news in thunder tones through our valley and over the hill-tops, to the dismay of very sick Republicans.

This is

CHAIRMAN KELLER

ready on Tuesday night on his bicycle to sound the news of victory with his little trumpet through the streets of Bellefonte, but somehow he never got started, and now he is turned astronomer and

LOOKING FOR MAJORITIES

all around but can't find any in any part of the heavens.

This is the proud American flag that

WAVES FOR CLEVELAND

and has been rescued from the disgrace and misrule under Republican administrations, by the splendid victory on 4th. Long may it wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Since Blaine can't dicker in Little Rock railroad bonds, he has already set up a business shop up Salt River, and for the first time in his life will try to earn an honest penny by

SELLING CORN SHELLERS.

The wholloping he got has served to make him think he had best try and make an honest living the rest of his days.

We give our Republican travelers a picture of the

REPORTER OFFICE

and other Democratic shanties up Salt river. These, however, were all taken apart two weeks before the election and brought along down on Nov. 4, as we all came to stay for **40** years.

We have intelligence from Salt river that the Republicans are all sick, some have the shakes, many the poker, others the fan-tods, and so on. Out of pity we send them

A YARB DOCTOR

who will attend to all the afflictions their sins have brought upon them. His yarb medicine is made up of two parts of promises of high wages, three parts of unburnt Mulligan letters, a little "rum and Romanism" etc. If this don't cure 'em it will kill, and the latter effect would be the better for the country.

FROM THE CORPORAL.

From the Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Florida, Corporal Ben Berger writes of the benefits of Brown's Iron Bitters in that malarious region. He says: I have used several bottles and must say I am greatly benefitted by using it. Several of my comrades use Brown's Iron Bitters, and you may rest assured they all think it is the greatest thing on earth." This kind of testimony comes from all quarters concerning Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic.

BUILDINGS WRECKED AND MEN KILLED BY DYNAMITE.

Reading, Pa., November 9.—The dynamite works of H. W. Stump & Co., ¾ of a mile from Stouchsburg, a village of five hundred inhabitants, blew up this afternoon, shaking up the country for a distance of from ten to twenty miles. The works consisted of five frame buildings, the timbers of which were sent flying in all directions, nothing remaining but the foundations. All the men in the buildings were killed, so the cause of the explosion will never be known.

The names of the killed are Frank Statz, married; Frank Kapp and Joseph Knaus, both single.

The building contained an unusual quantity of dynamite, hence the terrific shock which was heard as far east as Reading, nearly twenty miles away. Windows were broken in many houses in Strouchsburg. People were knocked off their feet and mirrors and pictures were shaken off the walls. A church and several houses were unroofed. The victims were literally blown to atoms.

For the REPORTER.

LUTHERAN CONFERENCE.

A most interesting and harmonious meeting of the Northern Conference of the Central Penn'a Synod has just closed at Rebersburg, Centre county, Rev. F. Aurand pastor in charge. Through the absence of President Rev. W. E. Fischer on a special call to Gettysburg, Rev. S. E. Furst preached the opening sermon from Job 5:14.

At 9 a. m. Wednesday, Oct. 29, Conference met and after proper devotional exercises organized by electing officers for the ensuing year as follows: S. E. Furst, Pres't; G. W. Crist, Sec'y; and F. Aurand, Treas. The 11th and 12th articles of the Augsburg Confession were discussed at the meeting. The former was opened with a paper by M. L. Furst and the latter with an address by A. C. Felker. The time allotted for their consideration was fully occupied with profitable discussion; the local membership gave these themes earnest attention thus manifesting a deep interest in word and doctrine. Sometimes the rural membership of our churches show an interest and intelligence in the discussions of these grand old land-marks of faith which shame our more pretentious ubran churches. The subject "The S. S. in relation to the Church" was also considered and several of the lay delegates took part in the discussion. On Thursday afternoon we had a most blessed communion service in which the congregation united. Rev. J. K. Miller preached from Genesis 4:7, and the communion in Christ was most soleman.

Aside from services our most important business was care for vacant charges. Six pastoral fields representing fourteen churches are still vacant, and the following were appointed a committee of one to assist the charges in procuring pastors and during their vacancy to perform pastoral duties and have a general oversight of benevolent and church work: Rev. Felker was appointed for Mifflinburg charge, Rev. Diven for Lock Haven, Rev. Finckel for Rays charge, Rev. Aurand for Aaronsburg charge, Rev. Koser for Boalsburg charge, Rev. Furst for Zion and Warroirs Mark charges. With this arrangement, whereby a single committee man has charge of an entire field and answerably by a written report for this field at next conference, we hope to reduce the number of vacancies and lessen difficulties in making pastoral selections.

This was our first visit to Rebersburg and Brush Valley, and the pleasing landscape, the general interest of the people in Conference meetings, the kind hospitality extended, the open-heartedness of the people gave us all a very favorable impression, and causes us to look forward to the September meeting of the Synod in the same village with much pleasure.

The work of the Conference throughout was harmonious, the meetings instructive and profitable, the preaching well attended, the communion solemnly and sacredly enjoyed, and the children's meeting was made a grand success. Altogether this meeting of Conference was the most harmonious and fruitful of good results, which it has been our privilege to attend whilst in this conference.

GEO. W. CRIST, Sec'y.

Rebersburg, October 31, '84.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER.

"In the winter of 1877-8, I was confined to the house 3 or 4 months and to the bed 4 weeks with rheumatism. I could get no relief. I began using Henry and Johnsons' Arnica & Oil Liniment, and in ten days by the use of half a bottle I was cured.

NATHAN JEWETT, East Haddam, Ct."

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure all diseases arising from biliousness. N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir cures coughs, colds and consumption. nov

KHARTOUM BESIEGED.

Cairo, Oct. 31.—The Government has received trustworthy advices to the effect that on Sept. 28 there were 140,000 rebels surrounding Khartoum and that active preparations were being made to attack the place. No official information has been received confirmatory of the native reports that Khartoum has fallen into the hands of the rebels, but the above advices cause much uneasiness in Government circles, and every effort is being made to obtain further news from General Gordon.

Convinced.

Mr. U. G. King, foreman of the Leetonia Democrat, Leetonia, Ohio, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, Ohio, Gentlemen: Some time since, I had occasion to doubt the genuineness of most of the articles that appear in different papers in regard to your wonderful PERUNA, and my curiosity was so great that I determined to write to one of the many people that claimed to have been cured by this medicine, and accordingly wrote to Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, this county, and received the following reply." "I received your letter this evening, and in reply would say that PERUNA, I believe, saved my life, and I can not recommend it too highly; for all complaints it is the best medicine in existence. It seems to help you as you swallow it. I would advise any one suffering from my complaint to take PERUNA and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Reynolds." Now, that's her card, word for word, and as I am well acquainted with the lady, I do not believe she would lie. It is truly wonderful how your medicine does do good.

James L. Mooney, Prospect, Ohio, writes: "For the past ten years I have been suffering from constipation and dyspepsia, and all the evil effects that accompany them. I was treated by a number of doctors, all to no effect. I used several patent medicines, which did me no good, and about three years ago I was seized with a severe nervous trouble, and was obliged to quit farming. I thought my days would soon be over, but last winter I received one of your pamphlets called the "Ills of Life." I at once tried your PERUNA and MANALIN. They helped me right away. I used nine bottles of PERUNA and three of MANALIN, and now I am quite well, and able to resume farming. I also had a little child which was attacked with a severe cramp in the stomach; we thought it would go into spasms. I used nothing but PERUNA. We gave it an injection of PERUNA and warm water, and gave it a teaspoonful of the medicine internally every half hour. It was relieved in one hour, and has not been bothered since. I have also used it with as good effect in case of croup and colds. I know that it is a wonderful medicine, and recommend it to all who are in poor health. The above statement I am willing to swear to."

W. M. Plants, Deep Valley, Greene county, Pa., writes: "Please send me your book on the 'Ills of Life.' I have used one bottle of PERUNA, and am greatly benefited."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 39 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMP'T AC'N	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passgr Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 3d, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Old Fort	10.27				
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.10 arive				

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6 A.M.	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Old Fort					1.39
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M.	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWABE,

OILS AND PAINTS,

GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,

GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH

SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,

EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATEL STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

MURRAY'S

CARRIAG WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a, Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,

—PHAETONS,

—SPRING WAGONS,

—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dec tf LEVI MURRAY.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas R. Smith and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1st day of Aug., 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Aug. next, being the 25th day of Aug. 1884, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of A. D. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

THE OLD STAND!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics. We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.

TWO 25 " "

ONE 18 " "

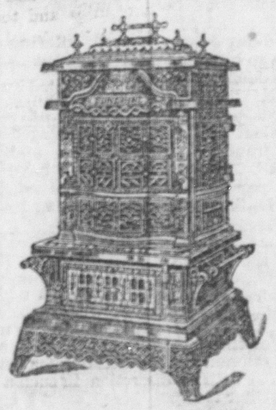
THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS.

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

Centre Hall

STOVE EMPORIUM



J. A. REESMAN

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.

Nickel Plated and Plain, Ranges, Coal Stoves, Heaters,

AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF octtf

HARDWARE. HARDWARE. HARDWARE

—for—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO,

STEWART'S IRON-FIBER PAINT and CEMENT,

—COLORS RED AND BROWN,— All Ready for Use.

For painting BUILDINGS, FENCES, BRIDGES, ROOFS, &c., and for repairing and preserving ROOFS of all kinds.

Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

W. H. STEWART, 3sep3m 74 Courtland St., N. Y.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given to experienced men. Address, Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

Consult Dr. BUTTS

Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Venereal Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Address Dr. C. L. LABARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 220 Locust st., St. Louis, Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established by Butts

Cards—Attorneys

J. H. ORVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov28

JOHN BLAIR LYNN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER. C. P. HEWES. SPANGLER & HEWES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A. Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower. ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA

Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

Dentists.

DR G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 28june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. ☞Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 31un

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE, On L. & T. R. R. FINE SUMMER RESORT. Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality. TERMS REASONABLE. J. H. BIBBY.....Proprietor SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA may1

J. C. BOAL, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer, Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A, Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

BOND VALENTINE, Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission; Insures First-class Life Companies, " " Life and Accident Companies, " " Fire Companies. German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jany

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, — DRUGS CHEMICALS! PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, 11jun tf Druggist.

DO YOU KNOW THAT —LORILLARD'S CLIMAX— PLUG TOBACCO with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug y.

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information, address
GEO. W. ATHERTON, President,
1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa

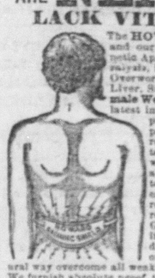
Read what the people say concerning the ability of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to cure asthma, catarrh, croup, colds etc. Mrs. Dora Koch of Buffalo, says: "For croup it is decidedly efficacious." [Mrs. Jacob Mellisor of Marion Ohio, says the same thing.] S. S. Graves, Akron, N. Y., writes: "Had asthma of the worst kind, took one dose of Thomas' Eclectric Oil and was relieved in a few minutes. Would walk five miles for this medicine and pay $5 a bottle for it." Druggist C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "Cured an ulcerated throat for me in twenty-four hours." "Sat up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The first teaspoonful RELIEVED me." E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N. Y., Thomas' Eclectric Oil is also a TIP-TOP external application for rheumatism, cuts, scalds, burns, bites, bruises, etc. When visiting the druggist, ask him what he knows of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; if he has been long in the drug trade, be sure he will speak highly of it.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

50c -THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL-$1.00

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP FOR Women WHO ARE NERVOUS AND MEN LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electric Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

Every appliance warranted as represented, or money refunded.

PRICES from $4 upwards.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE Co

30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.

CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

SASH, DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jly ISRAEL CONFER & SON

ARTIFICIAL CIGAR FLAVORS.

The Tobacco *Age* says: A cigar flavor has become a necessity with every cigar manufacturer. Smokers demanded a good flavored cigar at a low price. Havana tobacco is too high priced to fill the bill, therefore it has to be imitated as far as possible with our long list of aromatic gums, resins, oils, etc. There is no good reason why a perfectly healthy and pleased flavor may not be compounded and added to the filler of a cigar that will so nearly resemble the genuine Havana that even experts find it difficult to detect the difference. Most of the flavors on the market are compounded of volatile substances which quickly evaporate and leave the cigar as poor in flavor as though a flavor had never been used. The compounders of such stuff do not understand the chemistry of either tobacco or the materials they use for these flavors. If they did they would discard all substances that would evaporate and not remain in the cigars. The perfume of compounds produce some beautiful perfumes, but he aims to produce a bouquet that will please the sense of smell only. The compounder of cigar flavors must produce his bouquet in the smoke or by the combustion of his materials. A beautiful cigar flavor need not have any smell at all until the cigar is lighted, and one that smells very nicely to the nose might smell poorly when smoked. Colognes have a beautiful bouquet and yet they do not make suitable cigar flavors. An excellent cigar flavor can be compounded so cheap that there is no excuse for manufacturers palming off upon their customers a clear seed cigar.

POTATOES IN THEIR JACKETS.

"Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets," writes Professor Mattien Williams, "and will state my reasons. From fifty-three to fifty-six per cent. of the saline constituents of the potato is potash, and potash is an important constituent of the blood—so important that in Norway, where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has been banished since the introduction of the potato, and, according to Lang and other authorities, it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline vegetable food. Potash salts are freely soluble in water, and I find that the water in which potatoes have been boiled contains potash, as may be proved by boiling it down to concentrate, then filtering, and adding the usual potash test, platinum chloride. It is evident that the skin of the potato must resist this passage of the potash into the water, though it may not fully prevent it. The bursting of the skin occurs only at quite the latter stage of the cookery. The greatest practical authorities on the potato—Irishmen—appear to be unanimous; I do not remember to have seen a pre-peeled potato in Ireland. I find I can at once detect by the difference of flavor whether a potato has been boiled with or without its jacket, and this difference is evidently saline."

A NOVEL TIME-PIECE.

A man who was appointed watchman at a mine on the Comstock had no watch. He did not wish to buy one, yet was desirous of knowing how the time was passing. He borrowed the watch of a friend for one night. On returning the watch next day he told his friend that he was all right now, that he had a time-keeper of his own. He then unrolled a strip of paper some four inches in width from a stick and exhibited it as his clock. On the strip of paper he had marked down, as they rose above the horizon, all the stars and constellations within a narrow belt. Opposite each star was the time of its making its appearance—hour and minute. The watchman says his watch is a fine time keeper. He has recently improved it somewhat. The slip of paper now runs on two small rollers that are placed in a small box, which has a sliding lid of glass. As the night wears away and the stars pass over, he now turns the crank of his watch and looks at the time marked by the side of each. To wind up his watch he runs the tape back upon the initial roller.

THE SYRTOS.

Every one knows the beauties of the Greek *syrtos*, as the dance goes waving round and round the plane tree in a village square, now fast, now slow, now three deep, now a single line, and then the capers of the leader as he twists and wriggles in contortions. Here in Amorgos the sight was improved by the brilliancy of one or two old costumes. One lady especially was resplendent; her *tourlos* was of green and red, her scarf an Eastern handkerchief such as we now use for antimacassars, coins and gold ornaments hung in profusion over her breast, her stomacher was of green and gold brocade, a gold sash round her waist, and a white crimped petticoat with flying streamers of pink and blue silk, pretty little brown skin shoes with red and green embroidery on them. She was an excellent dancer, too, a real joy to look upon. The men wore their baggy trousers, bright-colored stockings, and embroidered coats; but the men of Amorgos are not equal to the women. The beauty of an Amorgiote female is proverbial.

Correspond with P. N. Nicholas & Co. if you want steady work with a good firm. See adv.

ELECTRIC EEL SIX FEET LONG.

A very interesting addition has recently been made to the Zoological Gardens in the shape of an electric eel—*gymnotus electricus*. It is said to be nearly six feet in length, and must therefore be one the very largest specimens of its kind. Those who remember the palmy days of the old Polytechnic may recollect a diminutive electrical eel which used to deal out very decided shocks to visitors who had the temerity to touch it, and which used to kill, or at any rate to stun, the live fish which were put into its tank for food. The newcomer is altogether a more formidable fellow, and when he has had time to recruit after the long voyage from South America, during, which he was rather cruelly coiled in a vessel in which he could not move without chafing himself raw in several places, it will be anything but wise to venture on any liberties with him.

Humboldt, when in the native home of this fish in and about the Rio Colorado, measured some that were five feet five inches in length, but though the Indians said there were larger, he himself saw none. The captive in Regent's Park is no doubt therefore a very big specimen, and there can be little doubt of its power. Humboldt thought that the Indians of the locality referred to had exaggerated ideas on this subject, but they no doubt had had practical experience, with the illustrious traveller seems to have prudently refrained from testing the matter except in the case of an eel in a somewhat exhausted condition. He admits that it would be temerity to expose one's self to the first shocks of a large and strongly irritated gymnotus, and though he does not mention life being lost by a shock from the fish, the mode of catching them adopted by the Indians seems to render it by no means incredible that as some have asserted, this fish is capable of killing a man.

The Indians, it seems, are accustomed, when they want to catch gymnoti, to scour the country round for wild horses and mules, which they drive into the ponds where the fish are known to be, and so violent are the discharges of the pent-up lightnings to which these animals are exposed that, though they are not actually killed by electricity, they are so stunned and disabled that usually several of them are drowned. Humboldt once imprudently put both him feet on an electric eel just taken out of the water; and, though he does not speak of it as a large one, he says he never experienced from a large Leyden jar a more dreadful discharge than he lift on that occasion. He was affected all day with a violent pain in every joint of his body.

It seems to be generally agreed that the electric force of this fish is closely dependent on its general vitality, and as the new arrival is as yet only in a comparatively poor condition, perhaps no great harm would result from bodily contact with it.

SIXES AND SEVENS.

Many explanations have been attempted of the expression, "sixes and sevens," but none of them are so good as to make a new guess unnecessary. In the first place, it may be noted that the present form is a corruption of "at six and seven." So it appears in the "Towneley Mysteries," in Taylor, the water poet's works and in Shakespeare. We read in "Richard II (act 2, scene 2, ll, 121-122):

"All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven."

One earlier explanation of a still earlier form "set on seven" is that God appointed everything in seven days, and that the expression was originally used to indicate order, but afterward came the express disorder. This is not very satisfactory. Nares explained "sixes and sevens" by a reference to the game of back-gammon, but no explanation that I have seen is as good as one suggested to me by an ingenious friend. He says that if we write down the ordinary arabic numerals we shall find that all run evenly (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) until we come to six, when the upper stroke runs above the line, and to seven, when the stroke runs belonw the line: so that it may be said that "six and seven" irregularity begins. Of course this is a mere conjecture, and no explanation can be considered as thoroughly until historical evidence corroborates conjecture, but I think it is a suggestion that is well worth of consideration.

FUNERALS IN FRANCE.

There is one French custom we should like to see introduced into the United States, and become universal. In France, when a funeral passes, every man raises his hat to salute it. The deceased person may have been a child, a pauper, or a beggar; it is no matter; the cortege is saluted by every man, whether he be prince, millionaire, or mendicant. It is a good and lovely custom. Few things are more humiliating than to see a funeral trotting down Broadway, in New York, winding in and out among the vehicles and other obstructions, exciting no more remark or attention than if it were a procession of old hacks going to the repair shops. In New York, the rapid pace seems unavoidable, owing to the great distance to the cemeteries. Elsewhere, funerals at least move with a decent slowness, and the evident sorrow of the followers seems to plead to the passer-by for the sympathetic recognition. It were a mark of civilization in us to bestow it upon them.

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans, newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

A Young Girl's Sudden and Mysterious Disappearance is Solved.

Bellaire, O., October 31.—Some days ago a local paper published the fact that the bones of a human being had been found among the rocks of a stone quarry on the farm of Mrs. Darrah, a few miles west of this city, and the publication has brought to light an interesting story. It seems that about twenty years ago a young lady named Margaret Porter lived with a farmer named Jacob Long, residing two miles from this city. Becoming dissatisfied, she came to Bellaire, but afterward revisited Mr. Long's. One day she started on foot for the house of her former employer, but never reached it, and all efforts to find her proved unavailing. This story has been revived by the finding of the skeleton, and Harrison Porter, an aged gentleman, father of the long missing girl, is of the opinion the bones are those of his daughter. It is supposed the girl fell over the quarry, and was either killed, or being unable to escape because of injuries, starved to death.

The "U. S. Dispensatory and the "Science of Chemistry" justify the assertion that for tonic, disphoretic and expector ant properties, no combination of remedies can be devised to equal in power and efficacy Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. It is a safe and reliable stand-by in cases of croup and whooping cough.

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents
5nc2

Races and contests of skill of all decriptions took place on the Philipsburg driving park Monday, Oct. 20, being one of the most notable days of the season for the number, variety and amusing nature of these contents.

A sign in Cleveland reads, "Ice Kream Sallune," which is probably the worst cold spell of the season; but for the worst spell of cold Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is the best cure you will be able to find. 5n2

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease with almost magical effect. Two half cents and address w thout drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23apem

GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.

We will send the Chicago Weekly News one year to every subscriber to the Centre Reporter. Cash subscribers to the CENTRE REPORTER, paying in advance, can get the Weekly News one year free. We give each of the new names 2 months (14 months) as a premium. This is a liberal offer, that leaves us no profit, but we make it as a trial to increase the list of the REPORTER. Any one can easily get three names under the above inducements and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and each half yearly for 3.

A Business Education is the most profitable, because it is the most useful. Our aim is to practically train young men for the actual requirements of this commercial age. Individual instruction. No vacation. Students can enter at any time. For circulars, address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.

Duff's Mercantile College

J. D. LONG, AT J. D. LONG,

Spring Mills,

HAS JUST OPENED

A Complete Stock of

DRY GOODS, ... DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE,
OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Groceries,

COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS ....FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ...SEGARS AND.....
EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
.....ALL NEW GOODS.....

He offers bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

All kinds of produce taken, and Highest Market Prices paid.

Highest price paid for all kinds of GRAIN.

COAL on hand always. 15oct3m

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS, PA

Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES

PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

TINWARE

of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A Prize Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 17

J. C. BRACKBILL W. R. BRACKBILL

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,----------Bellefonte. Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR CIRCULAR TRIAL BOX Sent FREE

THE PASTILLE Prof. Harris' Radical Cure FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

TradeMark

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

PINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.

MANUFACTURED BY ROCHESTER, N.Y.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST .....SHOES,.....

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN'S Business

COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $60. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, 30july1y Proprietors.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 cts

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous chronic diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The estimating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

SEND ADDRESS HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists. 306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.

Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, gonnorrhoea, leucorrhoea or whites, dropsy, pain back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by alldruggists. C. F. RISLEY, 30apl3mos 64 Courtland St., New York

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free, HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfits free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which person, of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to it. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cts for postage, and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

SANITARIUM. Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 260 PGS. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts. paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 144 p 25c, sent sealed, money or stps, by DR. WHITTIER 302 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR

For the cure of

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all morbid irritations and inflamation from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the CAUSE, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Read address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.

Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

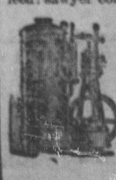
DOWNS' ELIXIR.

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 3 changes feed; sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position, 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swages, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.



R. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers. Elmira, N. Y., Box 1427.

THE ISLE OF CONTENT.

There's a land in a latitude near to us all
Where each dweller may follow his bent;
It is under no monarch's tyrannical thrall,
And is known as the Isle of Content.

It's a wonderful spot: if you ask, it will bring
To you quickly whate'er you desire;
What it can not produce—(it's a singular thing),—
That is just what you never require.

By the balmiest zephyrs of Happiness fanned,
It is neither too cold nor too hot,
And the lassies and lads never care in this land
Whether school is in session or not.

In Content, tho' but poor, yet you feel, ne'ertheless,
You are equal in wealth to a king,
While a tear in the trousers or darn in the dress
You consider a capital thing.

If you have n't the money to purchase a meal
(I have been in that strait once or twice),
Take a reef in your vest and you'll instantly feel
(If you live in Content) "very nice."

When I notice a lad with a bright sunny smile
That extends for three inches, or more,
Then I nudge myself inwardly, thinking, the while,
"He's encamped on Content's happy shore."

I have dwelt on this beautiful island at times,
While inditing small verses for you,
And I often have wondered if, reading my rhymes,
You were there as a resident, too.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A large old-fashioned, quaint gray stone house, with a green, close-clipped lawn, extending down to a very picturesque portion of the Avon. Seated on the lawn were three young ladies in summer toilets with broad straw hats. Two were at work; while the darkest, prettiest, though smallest, was reading aloud. Suddenly, blended with the musical dip of oars, the still, calm air was broken by a strong, clear, manly voice singing:

"When the lads of the village,
Merrily ah!—merrily ah!"

"It's Tom! It's dear old Tom!" cried the two girls who were dressed alike. "He's rowed up from Chessermill. Come, Georgie, come."

Georgie, their cousin, appeared by no means backward, and the three eagerly hastened down to the river. Scarcely had they reached the edge than a light skiff, in which sat a handsome young English Saxon of about five-and-twenty, shot from the shadow of the willows to their very feet.

"Here I am girls!" he cried, cheerily, shipping his oars, and casting the mooring-rope round a post placed on purpose.

"Yes, here you are, singing as much out of tune as ever," said Georgie, roguishly.

"Now, please don't begin your sparring," laughed Rosie, the youngest sister. "We are so glad you've come, Tom, whether in tune or not. We have something to tell you and something for you to do."

"Really? Prithee, fair sister, expound," he rejoined, walking up the lawn, a sister on either side of him, though his eyes oftenest sought out Georgie.

"But first," asked Leonore, the elder, "how long are you going to stay here?"

"Whitehall has given me a week. My luggage comes by road."

"Capital! Now let us sit down, and we will tell you."

The girls sat in a kind of semicircle; while Tom laid his whole length before them, his elbow on the grass, his cheek on his hand.

"Now," he asked, "what is the matter?"

"Well," said Lenore, who by general acclaim was nominated spokeswoman, "you must know, Tom, that there is a certain room in this house papa has just bought which is said to be haunted."

"Nonsense."

"But it is true. Papa would not let us know when he bought the place, but we soon heard it from the people about here.

He, however—as you—says it's all nonsense."

"Being a sensible, practical man," interpolated Tom.

"Ah; still he gives us full leave to test it."

"And are you going to?"

"We wish to, therefore want you to sleep there one night, Tom."

"Want me!"

"Yes; so that you may inform us," remarked Georgie, very gravely, "whether there is a ghost or not."

"Really I feel exceedingly obliged," laughed Tom, "but I don't quite see the joke. I am not anxious for a ghostly acquaintance."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Georgie, with a glance that sent the blood to her cousin's cheek. "I didn't think you were a coward."

"Coward! Come now, Georgie, that's too bad," he cried.

"Well, I think it cowardly," responded the young lady, pursing her pretty little mouth.

"I don't believe in ghosts any more than uncle does; and I want to sleep there, only he will not let me."

"I should think not," said Tom, with quick approval. "But what kind of ghost is it? What is the story?"

"Why, they say years and years ago the heiress of this large estate, for it was a large estate then, was one night cruelly murdered in that room by her cousin, who, on her death, inherited the property; ever since which period the lady's ghost, attired in white, pays the apartment a visit regularly at twelve o'clock midnight," and as Lenore ended there was a tremor in her voice.

"Bosh!" laughed Tom, contemptuously, "Why, Lenny, you look absolutely pale!"

"They will not even pass the door after dark," remarked Georgie, with a toss of the head.

"But don't you quizz them, Master Tom, for you, also are too frightened to face it!"

"What cowardice!" with a little shrug. "I declare if any man loved me, and I found he was a coward, I'd never, never marry him!"

Perhaps it was accident, perhaps it was intentional, but Georgie's dark eyes rested on Tom as she spoke.

"There goes papa!" cried Rosie, at the instant starting up, as a tall, elderly man passed along the terrace in front of the house. "Let us tell him Tom has come."

"Let us all go to him," said Tom.

They rose, and the sisters went on before; but Tom somehow managed to drop a little behind with his cousin.

"So, Georgie," he said, "you wouldn't marry a man who was a coward. I hope you meant that for me, because you might marry me if I were not.

"Oh, dear coz, you know how I love you! "I'd face all the ghosts in Christendom if you would only say you would be my wife!"

"Yet you will not face a probable one, Tom," she laughed.

"I will without demur, if you would only say 'yes,' Georgie," he whispered, earnestly. "Ghosts shouldn't frighten me?"

"I'd like to have that proved. I am not so certain," she rejoined, saucily, as they came up to the rest.

"Well, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, "these stupid girls tell me they want you to sleep in the haunted room, for our old house is respectable enough to possess one."

"So I hear sir, and will willingly test its ghostly character, if you have no objection."

"None in the least my boy, only I'll make this proviso—I'll have no firearms used.

"Should anything appear, it will not be supernatural—in which I no more believe than that the moon is made of green cheese."

So it was agreed that Tom should sleep there.

"I hope he will see nothing," said the sisters.

"I hope he will," said Georgie, "and prove his courage."

"I shan't sleep a wink to-night," remarked Rosie, as they saw Tom disappear down the long corridor.

"I don't think I shall much," agreed Georgie, very thoughtfully.

The next morning Tom's appearance at the breakfast-table was anxiously expected. When he came, his expression was certainly serious.

"Well," smiled Mr. Harrison, "what did you see Tom? Giles Scroggins' ghost, or anything else?"

"I can't quite say, sir," answered his son. "I certainly thought once I saw something; but I was so dead tired, that my half-dazed brain may have played me a trick. Consequently, I would rather say nothing until I've had another night's experience."

"Sleep there again!" ejaculated the girls, Georgie loudest.

"Assuredly!"

Tom's account but half satisfied his feminine hearers.

"I'm sure he has seen something," said Lenore, when they were alone.

"I'm certain of it!" coincided Georgie. "But he is going to show how brave he is. Why can't the silly fellow confess and have done with it?"

Tom had seen something.

About midnight in the farthest corner of the room he had beheld a shadowy female form, draped in grayish-white, occasionally waved its arms, while faint sighs burst from the lips.

He had felt startled, alarmed. He had tried to think it the moonlight; but glancing at the window, he saw there was none.

So he had laid and looked half frightened and half ashamed of being so. Abrubtly, however, remembering Georgie's words, he cared for nothing else; and being partially dressed, leaped up and advanced toward the ghost. For a second there was no alteration. Then it rapidly melted away—there was a click—and when Tom reached the corner—it was empty!

Can there really be ghosts, he thought, groping his way back to bed. Impossible! Yet—his eyes turned to his pistol-case—that might prove; but no—it wouldn't do!

The second night the same thing occurred—only this time the spectre had sighed and moaned, and wrung its hands as in direst distress, but it did not wait for Tom's advance.

It vanished after a few moments.

"It's curious, to say the least of it," he meditated, striking a light, and sitting on the side of his bed.

Then taking the candle, he carefully examined the apartment.

It was a spacious oak-paneled room, with high casemented windows. Mr. Harrison proposed to turn it into a ball-room, when, he had laughed the ghosts would have a happy time of it.

But Tom could discover neither ghost nor human. The door was locked as he had left it; the windows securely fastened. "It's confoundedly singular!" he repeated, finally throwing himself on the bed.

The next morning he told exactly what had occurred.

Mr. Harrison pooh-pooh'd it; declaring it was Tom's imagination, or that he was poking fun at them; but the girls took it very differently.

"There," cried the sisters, "you see, Georgie, the place is haunted!"

For a second Georgie appeared defeated; she pouted, glanced at her cup, then exclaimed, with charming consistency:

"I don't and I won't believe there are ghosts! As uncle says, Tom has been deluded!"

"Well, Tom is going to give it another trial," laughed the young fellow.

"Oh, no, don't do that!" exclaimed Georgie, quickly. "We've had enough of it!"

"I don't think so," rejoined Tom, delighted at this involuntary interest. "And if it comes a third time, I'll take it for a sign——"

"Of what?"

"That I have proved my courage," he whispered, "and merited the reward for facing a ghost."

"There are no ghosts persisted Georgie blushing.

"Then you do not believe me?"

"I fancy you were deceived."

That night the sisters implored Tom to sleep in his own bedroom; to which Georgie, the bold disbeliever, even added her entreaties.

They fancied he had been more frightened than he cared to confess, for he had been remarkably quiet and thoughtful all day, had kept aloof from them, and wandered about the house like a ghost himself.

But Tom was firm.

He said he was resolved to believe his eyes and brain had deceived him unless the poor lady-ghost appeared a third time.

"But suppose she may not come again?" suggested Georgie.

"Then I'm resolved to sleep in this room until she does, or put it all down as nervous bosh and optical delusion!"

With that Master Tom strode off to his haunted bed-chamber, while the girls crept along to theirs.

Scarcely had midnight chimed, for somewhere, no doubt, it did chime, though not in Mr. Harrison's house, than in the dark corner of the oak-paneled apartment the shadow figure.

That it was a woman there could be no doubt.

The loose grayish draperies flowed round it, drooping from the waving arms, while a gray mist apparently enveloped the head.

It repeated the same evolutions as on the previous occasion, only its moans and tokens of grief were more earnestly expressed; but after all, this night was destined to be materially different.

As the ghost's time for departure arrived, lo! and behold, there was another ghost!

The last was taller, clothed entirely in white, and standing behind the first, frantically waved its long arms with a hollow, sepulchral moan.

Evidently, however, the smaller spirit hadn't expected this ghostly companion, for, perceiving it, with a ringing shriek it fled towards the bed crying:

"Oh! Tom, Tom, save me! There is a ghost, and its here! Save me—save me!"

But no Tom sprang to her rescue. Only the taller ghost pursued, exclaiming, in a very earthly voice, and amid much earthly laughter:

"So, Miss Georgie, I've caught you have I! The tables are nicely turned, upon my life."

"Tom!" gasped Georgie, the smaller spectre, plucking the gray gauze from about her head, "is it you? Oh! what does it mean?"

"Only that Iv'e discovered the ghost," laughed Tom. "The second night I suspected the unsubstantiality of my visitor, and employed the next day in minutely examining my room, which led to the discovery of a secret sliding panel, which conducted into a passage that had another outlet in the corridor near your room. I speedily divined who was my lady-ghost."

"Oh, Tom," she murmured, half angrily, "it's a shame you should so frighten me. I can scarcely stand.

"I really thought you a spectre. Yes—I own it—I wanted to test your courage—and——"

"I have tested yours, who were so brave."

"Tom, can you forgive me?"

"If you will only reward me for facing the ghost, Georgie."

"Tom," she laughed, "this isn't a time to play Romeo and Juliet—nor the toilets.

"Oh!" she added, hearing steps hastening along the corridor, "do keep my secret, Tom. Do, please!" she added, imploringly as she fled through the panel.

But the secret did creep out next day—and the laugh—as the tables were turned on Georgie, who, trying to frighten Tom, had been awfully frightened herself.

Georgie angrily declared she would never forgive her cousin.

Put it was supposed she did, for the first ball held in the haunted room was in commemoration of their wedding-day.

Causes of Suicide.

One of the potent causes leading to self-destruction is sufficiently indicated in the latter exhibit. Poverty, or the fear of it, real or delusive, has dug many a suicide's dishonored grave. "No home, no hope, no money, no friends are left to me" was the epitaph of one of this class. Ripe manhood or old age usually stumbles over this stone. With other suicides, age, national traits and temperament enter largely into the determining cause as in the manner of self-inflicted death. The Irishman, to whom life represents a heritage of struggle against adversity, succumbs to the madness of strong drink, while no personal privation or grief would overcome his courage; the Frenchman or Italian to love or its grim twin-brother, jealousy; the German or Scandinavian to almost any emotion that stirs his speculative mind to its depths of melancholy; the negro to nothing. In the eleven years that embrace the critical observations of this cause of mortality in New York City, only three negroes out of a population of more than twenty thousand took their own lives, two men by jumping from high windows in moments of madness, and a woman by poisoning herself. Business, in one form or another, is nearly always at the bottom of the native American's suicide. Reverses with those who fail; with those who succeed, that bane of hard-earned wealth—sleeplessness. "I cannot sleep and I know that the end is the madhouse. I choose deat in preference," wrote a Yonker's millionaire before he blew out his brains in Earle's Hotel last spring. The report of his pistol has echoed through scores of gilded lives, envied by the world, but to their owners a hated burden.

Singulr motives for suicide that illustrate the freakishness of excited human nature are common. A German tailor killed himself because two small bills were presented to him for payment, and in the effort to put out the collector he had broken a window. A Thirty-fourth street millionaire blew out his brains when coming home from a wine supper, because the girl did not open the door quickly enough in response to his call. In Albany, this summer, a German woman who had lost her bank book threw herself and her four children in front of a railroad train and was killed holding the youngest down upon the rails. An Italian tailor on Houston street, in a moment of mental aberation, took a bath and died from the unwonted ablution. A Russian printer of mature age took his life because he wanted to see his mother and could not go home. Others have taken leave of life with the simple explanation that they were tired and wanted rest.

Napoleon and his Captors.

Here is a pleasing incident in the career of Napoleon III, which took place while he was with the camp at Boulogne in 1854: On arriving at Boulogne, the Emperor commissioned M. Ducos, the Minister of the Marine, to find out if there still existed in that town any of the men who had been concerned in his arrest on the occasion of his ill-fated expedition in 1840. Ducos discovered a sailor who had thrown himself into the sea to seize the Prince, who was trying to swim back to the vessel in which he had come, the aforesaid sailor having clutched the Pretender by his hair; then Ducos also discovered the gendarme, then a custom-house officer, who, on the bench, had received the vanquished Prince from the hands of the sailor and had taken him by the collar. These two men were brought to Ducos, who asked them if they were really the persons that had been designated to him. The two replied, with much hesitation, that it was they who had arrested the Prince, and Ducos ordered them to return the next morning at 9:30. After an anxious night they presented themselves before the Minister exactly at the appointed hour. Ducos conducted them to the Emperor, and the sailor was the one first admitted to the Imperial presence. The Emperor, twisting his long mustache, walked quickly up to him and said: 'So it was you that in 1840 sprang into the sea and captured me by seizing me by the hair?'

"The sailor—'Your Majesty, I—I—'

"The Emperor—'Look here, was it you? Yes or no?'

"The sailor (recovering his self-possession)—'Well, yes your Majesty; all the others were firing at you, and you might have been wounded and got drowned, so I jumped into the sea to save your life—it was I who saved your life.'

"The Emperor and the Minister had hard work to keep their faces straight while listening to this embellished history of an arrest changed to a rescue.

"'Well done, my good fellow,' replied the Emperor; 'here is the cross that you won in doing your duty, and here are 500 francs as a souvenir from me.'

"Next came the gendarme custom-house officer, but his imagination was less inventive than that of the sailor, and suggested to him no such marvelous transactions. He stammered and hesitated for some time, then bravely making up his mind, he replied:

"'Yes, Sire, it was I. You were breaking the laws, I was on duty and I arrested you.'

"The Emperor—'And that cross that you wear—who gave it to you?'

"The Gendarme— "Sire, it was King Louis Phillipe.'

"The Emperor— 'For having arrested me?'

"The Gendarme—'I am an old soldier—I had done good service——I, but to tell the truth, Sire, it was on the occasion of your arrest I received it.

"The Emperor—'I am sorry for it, because I shall not have the pleasure of giving it to you myself, since you have already got it, but here is the military medal, (taking off the one that he wore himself and fastening it to the breast of the gendarme's uniform). You are a brave soldier.' And the gendarme received, as the sailor had already done, a gift of 500 francs."

Found in an Old Shaft.

Years ago, when Sierra county was first overrun by the gold hunters, scores of mines were located, worked for a time, and then abandoned. Hundreds of the pioneer miners lost fortunes by their inability to apply themselves to any one task. If fortune seemed to frown on them, news of a strike in some other district immediately filled them with a desire to try their luck there also. In this way many properties—since found to be valuable—were deserted. All over that part of the State may be found abandoned cabins, sluices, shafts and drifts.

In all mining countries may be found any number of men who believe that their predecessors did not fully understand their business. A deserted mining outfit is to their mind proof not that gold does not exist at that very point, but that the men who tried to find it there years ago did not know how to do it. Scores of these knowing prospectors are continually going over the old mining properties, searching for evidences of color or quartz. A few such have been richly rewarded, and this has served to stimulate the others. The argument which they use to themselves, and to capitalists who may be called upon to back them, is always plausible enough. It is that, in the careless operations of the early days, many of the prospects which promised to be rich from surface indications were hastily abandoned, and that they have never yet been carefully and scientifically examined to see whether the original miners worked their leads fully out.

The increased knowledge now possessed as to the nature of the formations is also urged as another reason why skilled miners should go over all these old claims again and examine them as carefully as if no one had ever delved there before. When prospectors of standing go into this business they never lack for money, for there is a fascination about the thing.

The sight of strange men around the old mines on the mountains has become so common that not much attention has been paid to it in the vicinity of Downieville of late. A recent discovery about four miles north of Downieville, says a letter from that town, has set everybody to talking, and people now expect that every abandoned mine in Sierra county will have an overhauling. James Dacey and Herman Shaffner have long made their home in an old cabin on the mountain side, from which they have gone on many extended prospecting tours. Confining their attention mainly to the deserted mines, they at length came upon one which impressed them profoundly. Tools were scattered around as though hastily dropped, though rust and mold had gathered thickly upon them. They found the mouth of a shaft over which it was evident a staging of some sort had once been placed but only small fragments of it were now visible. A short distance on they found the ruins of a small cabin. The door and door-posts still stood, but the roof had fallen in, and two sides of the building had collapsed. The men set about the task of exploring the ruin. As the wood was badly decayed they found the job tedious, but after two days' work they uncovered an old leather valise containing some clothing and mementoes. There was the frame of a daguerreotype, but the glass was broken, and the picture could not be made out. A package of letters was soacked and welded together so tightly that, even if the ink had not been faded and obscured by dirt, it would have been impossible to have separated them. Later on they found an old pistol, a few knives, some tin dishes, and the remnants of a coat.

It began to dawn upon them that it was no ordinary abandoned mine that they had found. The men who worked there thirty years ago never left it intentionally in that manner. What had become of them, and why had they gone off? The prospectors searched the country round for further evidence of the presence of miners, but were unsuccessful. There were the ruined hut, the yawning shaft, the ditch which brought them water, and the tools lying around carelessly, but nothing else. They examined everything minutely, except the shaft, and after peering into that wistfully a few times they looked each other in the face and said nothing. Neither cared to go down in that hole, for both suspected what might be at the bottom.

But dead men never yet kept live men from the universally sought gold. They resolved to descend the shaft. It took them several days to make their arrangements. They got lanterns and ropes and straps, and finally cast lots to settle which one should make the descent. The choice fell upon Dacey, and he promptly tied the belt about his waist, fastened the ropes to it, and made ready. Shaffner took one turn with the ropes about a tree, and when everything was in order Dacey let himself down easily. It had been agreed that Dacey was to go down but a little way that day to endeavor to locate the depth of the shaft, and determine, if possible, the nature of its contents. When he had descended about sixty feet he signalled Shaffner that he desired to ascend, and the latter made the ropes fast. Dacey then unfastened his belt, and, clinging to the ropes with his hands, pulled himself up hand over hand. When he reached the surface and was assisted out of the hole by his partner, he was white as a sheet and almost speechless. He found the shaft not over 100 feet in depth, but there was a human skeleton at the bottom of it. With the aid of his dark lantern he had been able to penetrate the remotest corner of the pit. On one side he discovered a drift, but he did not pause to explore it. The shaft was obstructed by some half-decayed timbers, on which moss had formed, but he saw enough to convince him that gold was to be had for the digging. The two men kept the discovery to themselves. They worked diligently for several days, clearing the shaft, and finally, coming to the bottom, they removed the skeleton and buried it near where the old cabin had stood. Beside the bones they found the remnants of a shotgun, but nothing else. When they began operations in the mining line they were speedily rewarded by several rich finds. The gravel grows richer day by day, and from specimens seen it is judged that they have struck a bonanza.

On the Tea Kettle.

He was so hopping mad about it that he had to swallow the lump in his throat three or four times before he could speak English. When the other had patted him on the back and led him around in a circle he began with:

"Of course, if I make a debt I expect to pay it."

"Of course."

"I'm worth $30,000, and I don't owe $200 in the world."

"Of course not."

"Well, I was sitting in the office about 11 o'clock this forenoon, when in came a stranger. He introduced himself and took a chair. I was smoking, and it was only courtesy to offer him a cigar. He said he had frequently heard my name mentioned, and I supposed he was some gentleman from the interior of the State who wanted my written legal opinion."

"Certainly; your luminous legal opinion."

"He seemed rather diffident and embarrassed, and as he had not made his wants known up to noon I invited him home with me to dinner. He readily accepted."

"I see."

"After dinner I showed him all over the house, played billiards with him for half an hour, and then brought him back to the office and gave him another fifteen cent cigar and asked him to come to the point."

"And he came?"

"He did—bless him! He handed me a bill of fifty cents from the tin shop here in town for mending the washboiler and putting a new nose on the tea-kettle.

Historical Archery.

Archery may be said never to have entirely gone out of fashion, even after the introduction of "villainous saltpetre" and the musket. Edward VI. was fond of the bow, and Charles I. not only practiced it, but encouraged its use among his subjects. Charles II. and his Queen patronized tournaments of archers, and as late as 1862 a thousand bowmen competed at a grand fete given by the London Artillery company. In Cornwall's time, the weapon was not entirely banished from the army, and Charles II. had his keeper of the bows. At Chester, on Shrove Tuesday and Easter Monday, the archer shot for prizes provided by the bridegrooms of the past year; and at Harrow we believe, is still preserved the silver arrow for which, up to the year 1771, the boys shot annually on the 4th of August, a day associated in the minds of their successors with oratorical displays. Nor must it be forgotten that the Queen's body guard in Scotland are the royal archers who have always numbered in their ranks the pick of the Scottish aristocracy and citizens of Edinburgh.

"To be Shot at Six."

A terrible example has been made in Tonquin. One of the special correspondents attached to the expedition now in the field, was Camille Farcy, well-known as a brilliant writer. He had long been connected with *La France*, one of the leading journals. The army which he was detailed to accompany was that of General Forgemol. This officer is a martinet and entertains the most rigid ideas regarding discipline. Before the expeditionary force landed he, in conjunction with General Vincendon, concocted the following pledge, which all the journalists were obliged to sign:

I, ———, promise upon my honor to transmit no information whatever, either by telegraph or by mail, or by any other means, without first having submitted my manuscript to the examination of the officer commanding the expedition, or to such officer or officers as he may delegate that power to. I further agree that any failure to keep this pledge will expose me to the rigors of martial law. ———.

This document was signed by all the correspondents attached to the expedition. When Farcy's turn came he took the pen, but it was with evident reluctance that he signed. When he had done so he said to Forgemol:

"General, I sign this document only because I am forced to do so, because without doing so I could not fulfill my duty as a correspondent, because without doing so I could not accompany the expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, touching such matters as may come under my observation." And with a defiant glance at the General, Camille withdrew.

The old General gnawed his grizzled moustache to conceal his wrath. He did what perhaps most men would have done—he set a spy to dog the footsteps of Farcy.

The expedient was successful. Two evenings after the spy detected the journalist, under a disguise, quitting the camp. He followed and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor postoffices upon the frontier. He was at once arrested and conducted to Forgemol's headquarters.

"Aha!" said the General, "at it already, my fine fellow. Well, what have we here?" and he seized and broke open the envelope. "Hum—addressed to *La France*. Evidently some correspondence which you were sending without my knowledge."

"Yes, General, said Farcy, calmly.

"Let us see what it is," said Forgemol, as he began to peruse the letter.

"General," said Farcy, coldly, "permit me to remind you that you are violating private correspondence."

"Private correspondence? Bah!" retorted Forgemol. "Very private, indeed; all Paris would know it in another day," and he resumed his reading.

There were some severe strictures in the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Forgemol's reading was interrupted by oaths, and when he finished he was purple with wrath.

"So," said he grimly, "you consider yourself competent to judge of the operations of a general in the field, do you? Well, sir, you shall have a taste of martial law to add to your knowledge of military affairs."

Farcy disdained to defend himself. A court-martial was immediately convened. Its proceedings were summary—its sentence short: "Camille Farcy is condemned to be shot at 6 in the morning."

It was then midnight. The doomed man was placed in charge of a lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, put upon a special train and was borne swiftly to the capital city, where the execution was to take place.

At 5:30 o'clock the train dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grevy, the governor general, lives in state. The windows were brightly lighted and the strains of a waltz were borne to the ear of the prisoner. The Governor was giving a ball.

"You have half an hour in which to prepare for death," said the lieutenant, compassionately; "would you like to have me send for a priest?"

"I suppose said Farcy, "you will grant my last request?"

"Yes."

"Then let me go the ball. I would like to have a waltze before I die."

The officer bowed and repaired to M. Grevy's palace.

"His request shall be granted," said the President's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here; he shall dance with my daughter."

And it was done. The last moments of his life were spent on a ball-room floor.

At 6 o'clock the officer spoke:

"The file is waiting," said he.

"Let us go," said Farcy. He saluted the dancers and withdrew. When he reached the ground where the file was awaiting him he refused to allow his eyes to be bandaged, and demanded permission to give the word of command.

"May all journalists do as I have done," said he; "it is their duty." Then folding his arms he cried:

"Fire!"

The crash of the muskets rang out on the morning air. Camille Farcy fell dead, pierced with balls.

The vengeance of General Forgemol was accomplished.

St. John's Bread.

The husks upon which the Prodigal Son fed are not as the American reader is apt to imagine, the husks of maize, that is, of Indian corn. They are the fruit of the Kharub tree, and are from their shape called in the Greek little horns. From the popular notion that they were the food of John the Baptist they are called St. John's bread. Dr. Thomson describes them as "fleshy pods, somewhat like those of the honey locust tree, from six to ten inches long and one broad, lined inside with a gelatinous substance, not wholly unpleasant to the taste when thoroughly ripe. I have seen large orchards of the Kharub in Cyprus, where it is still the food which the swine do eat."

"You can't deceive me, Mr. Jarphly," said Mrs. Jarphly, snappishly and emphatically. "It was after one o'clock, and I wasn't asleep."

"Why, Amandy, you're badly mistaken," responded Mr. Jarphly in a conciliatory voice. "It wasn't more'n half after eleven."

"Now, Jarphly, don't you sit there and falsify to me. I'm no fool, if you think I am."

"Amandy' I never said you was; you know I didn't. I only say you're mistaken my dear, for it was only half past eleven, or mebbe twenty-five minutes to twelve."

"Jarphly, wot's the use of your sitting there and lying? Don't you think I could see the clock?"

"Well, Amandy, I've got nothing more to say, if you'd rather believe a ninety-five cent nickle-plated nutmeg clock than your own married husband," responded Mr. Jarphly, deeply injured.

YOUNG Bigger called on Madeline last evening and was shown into the parlor, where he found Mabel looking at the natural history. He greeted her with a "Good evening sissy, how are you this evening?"

"Oh, I'm pretty well; say, can you guess conundrums, Mr. Bigger?"

"Well, sometimes; what is it?"

"Oh, it's one of Lina's: she asked me why you were like my bunny rabbit. Can you tell that?"

"No, I'm sure I'll have to give it up, Why am I like your rabbit?"

"Cos the most 'spicuous part is your ears; that's what Lina says."

As Lina came tripping down the stairs she heard the front door close behind his retreating form."

THE following anecdote shows that if the guid wife lacked grace, her husband did not make up the deficiency; A minister of the "kirk" of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate: "Susan!" Susan woke up with a start, and opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake, "Susan," he continued, "I didna marry ye for yer beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if ye hae not grace, I hae made but a sair bargain wi' ye!"

VANADLISM IN THE LIME-KILN CLUB.—The dastard who entered Paradise Hall the other evening by way of the roof and carried off three skulls of Oliver Conwell may never be brought to punishment in this world, as he left no clews behind. But he will certainly catch it red-hot in the next. The club has now only two skulls of Oliver left, and these will be carefully locked in the big safe and preserved to posterity.

"YOU say young Hyson works in the bank?"

"Yes."

"Well, what are your objections to his marrying your danghter?"

"I have no means of finding out that the bank officials are honest."

"Well, but what has that to do with the young man?"

"You see I can't tell whether he has good principals or not."

"I WISH I had eyes in the back of my head," said a young lady the other evening. "Why?" asked a devoted admirer, breathlessly. "So that I could see what was going on without the trouble of turning my head." "You can turn my head without any trouble," responded the youth with a gloomy sigh.

"I DON'T take much stock in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft quoted one: 'A friend in need is a friehd indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they want to borrow. Give me the friend that is not in need."

INTENDING purchaser of horse (doubtfully—"What makes him lay back his ears like that?"

Dealer (more in sorrow than in anger)—"Lor, sir, that shows what a sensible hanimal he is, sir. He's a list'ning to all what we say about him."

"HALLO!" said a policeman, "what are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house? Have you lost the key?" "No," responded the disconsolate citizen. "I—hic—haven't lost the key. I've—hic—lost the key hole."

"I DON'T like these shoes," said a lady customer, "because the soles are too thick." "Is that all the objection?" blandly asked the shopkeeper. "Yes," was the reply. Then, madame, if you take the shoes, I can assure you the objection will gradually wear away."

SCIENTIFIC men are reiterating the belief that death is quite painless, so far as physical sensation is concerned. Our readers no doubt will be willing to take their word for it. It might prove unhealthy to undertake to personally demonstrate the truth or falsity of the statement.

"YES, Charley is a good enough sort of a fellow," remarked Tom; "but then he is so confoundedly absent-minded. He borrowed five dollars of me the other day, and when he called at my place to return the money, blowed if he didn't forget what he came for and actually borrowed another five."

SHE walked slowly across the room, seated herself at the piano, and as her dainty fingers touched the keys, began, "I cannot sing the old songs"—and the young man sitting on the sofa said in a low voice, but it was loud enough for her acute ear, "So I observe." He now visits the girl across the street.

TWO SOLDIERS lay beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I loved war Jack; so I went." "What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

Bridge over the Straits of Messina.—In the exhibition opened at Turin, the directors of the Novara and Pino Railway show the drawings and plans for the projected bridge over the Straits of Messina. The narrowest portion of the straits is two miles across, but the depth there is 159 m. (521½ feet), while the shallowest part, which is 110 m. (361 feet) deep, runs between Cap del Pezzo and Ganzirri, Although the distance across at the latter point is half a mile greater than at the narrowest portion of the straits, its greater shallowness has caused it to be selected as the spot for the bridge. In addition to a double line of rails, it is intended to make the bridge wide enough to include a road for ordinary carriage traffic. The viaduct will be supported by two land towers and three piers, each 100 m. (3280 feet) apart. The foundation of the three piers will be constructed of granite ballast up to within 23 m. (75½ feet) of the surface of the water, and of granite masonry, the latter being carried to 10 m. (33 feet) above the water. The bridge will terminate on either shore in tower-shaped piers, constructed also of granite with the ordinary dry foundations. The height of the bridge above the water will be 100 m. (328 feet). The entire upper portion of the bridge is to be built of steel, and the construction is to be carried out in the same way as the bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis.

According to a statement made before the Master Car Builder's Association, there are now in use in this country 800,000 freight cars, and the average annual expense for links and pins for each car is $1.50, or a total of $1,200,000. It is evident that a self-acting car coupler, so made as to prevent the maiming, loss of life, and expense of the common link and pin system, would be an invention of enormous value. Many hundreds of patents have been taken for improved car couplers, but the railway companies, for one reason or another, are shy about introducing them. In Massachusetts a law has been passed compelling all railway companies in the State to put self-acting couplers on their cars on or before 1885. If other States would adopt compulsory laws on the subject, the introduction of improved coupiers would soon become general.

The newspapers published in the Lake Superior copper mines region recommended the use of copper as a roof covering in place of tin. In reply to an inquiry by one of our contemporaries as to the relative economy and benefits of copper over tin, an architect furnishes the following: We always specify the use of copper for covering roofs, when we can induce owners to allow us to do so, on account of its durability; although its cost is about $14 per 100 square feet over price of tin roofing. But when we reflect that the tin roof requires constant repairs, and painting at least every two years, at a cost of two or three cents per foot, varying as to the number of coats, the cost of repairs for six years, together with the cost of tin roof, equals the cost of copper.

Professor Preyer, of the Jena Natural History Society, has been experimenting with Guinea pigs as to the best method of reducing the temperature in animals. Employing a finely divided spray of water of the temperature of 45° F., he reduced the heat of a pig 2° in five minutes. With spray at 70° it took twenty minutes to work the same result. He suggests that the method might be applied to fever paroxysms with success by physicians.

Columbia River Cannery.

Mr. George Home, one of the largest canners of fish, on Columbia River, Oregon, says that he suffered with rheumatism for seven years, having spent six months at Arkansas Hot Springs, and at Pasa Robles Springs, Cal., four months in every year, without benefit. Finally he tried St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-cure, and in a short time all stiffness and soreness of the joints disappeared.

Whatever may be said about luck, it it is skill that leads to fortune.

IN the new Mason & Hamlin Upright Pianos the strings are held by screws and secured directly to the iron plate, each string being held by a separate screw. In pianos generally the strings are held by the friction of wrest-pins set in wood. The results of the Mason & Hamlin improvement are remarkable purity of tone (resulting in part from the easy method of tuning the three strings belonging to each tone, exactly together,) with much less liability of getting out of tune or of being affected by climatic changes. This improvement has been pronounced the greatest made in Upright Pianos for half a century.—*Boston Journal.*

A fool may have his coat embroidered, but it will always be a fool's coat.

Ladies in America

long before they reach middle age frequently find themselves suffering from some of the complaints and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. For all such Kidney-Wort is a great boon. It induces a healthy action of the Kidneys. Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system, and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body, It is nature's great assistant in establishing and sustaining health. Sold by all druggists.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

CATARRH AND HAY FEVER.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer with Hay Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle. Have had no return of the complaint. CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. (Price 50 cents per bottle.)

Time sooner or later vanquishes love; friendship alone subdues time.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Those who understand the value of time treat it as prudent people do their money; they make a little go a great way.

It seems to be overlooked by meteorologists that when a season has taken a decided character, whether as wet or dry, the ordinary indications of change seem to lose their meaning. In 1879 all signs of fair weather, drawn from the appearance of the clouds, the action of birds and insects, etc., were quite misleading. And in the present season I have more than once seen the commonly accepted signs of rain go for nothing. The sky may become gradually overcast, with dark ragged masses of undersend; there may be a hollow and a blustering wind," swallows may fly low, slugs come out in numbers, bubbles of gas rise from ditches, etc., but the weather remains dry, or at the most there is a slight shower.

When pure platinum is as soft as silver, but by the addition of iridium it becomes the hardest of metals. The great difficulty in manipulating platinum is its excessive resistance to heat. A temperature that will make steel run like water and melt down fire-clay has absolutely no effect upon it. You may put a piece of platinum wire no thicker than human hair into a blast furnace where ingots of steel are melting down all around it and the bit of wire will come out as absolutely unchanged as if it had been in an ice-box all the time.

"Isn't that MRS. Holmes? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now."

"She *is* well. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago, that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last, 'Why,' said she, 'I feel as I had been raised from the dead, almost.'" Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of this God-given remedy for female weakness, prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhœa, morning sickness, weakness of stomach, tendency to cancerous disease, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections.

To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts; it is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

Composed of genuine French Grape Brandy, Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger, with Camphor Water, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed excels as a remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, or to break up colds, fevers or inflammatory attacks.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow,

---

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book of particulars 9 cents in stamps. Consultation free. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

Why Will You Diet?

Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, for the cure of scrofulous taint, rheumatism, white swellings, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and the heads of families throughout the land, indorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above diseases.

One always has time enough if one will apply it well.

MR. A. NICHOLS, of this place, says he suffered from Catarrh for years. He purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you cannot recommend it too highly. We are selling more of Ely's Cream Balm than of all other catarrh remedies, can hardly keep a supply on hand.—EVERS BROS., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers.

MOTHERS, the best dressing for children's hair is Carboline, made from pure petroleum, thoroughly deodorized and delightfully perfumed. It makes the little ones' hair soft, silky and glossy; it also eradicates dandruff.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

☞ PERFECTION. The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10c., at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The world is more apt to reward appearances than deserts.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Let us learn upon earth those things which call us to heaven.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

NOW IS THE TIME to treat catarrh of long standing. Ely's Cream Balm reaches obstinate cases, where all other remedies fail. It is not a liquid or snuff and is easily applied. Price 50c.

Carelessness is far more destructive than want of knowledge.

FOR RELIEVING THROAT TROUBLES AND COUGHS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have a world-wide reputation. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

One should believe in marriage as in the immortality of the soul.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster;

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

Men with faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

NEVER cover a wound wholly up with a piece of plaster; whatever be its size, use long, narrow strips. Warm the plaster by holding the back of it against a can of boiling water for a few seconds, then apply it across the wound, leaving a small space between each strip to give exit to the lymph. Remember, that sticking-plaster has no healing action in itself, the benefits derived from its use are of a purely mechanical nature. Clean cuts are better bound up with the blood, simply with a linen rag, for sticknig-plaster is no use until the bleeding stops. In cases of scalp wounds the hair must be shaved off before the plaster is applied. A grain or two of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water makes a very good stimulating lotion for wounds or sores that need such an application, but if they are healing kindly, with even white edges and not much exudation they do not want stimulating. Languid, indolent sores and flabby ulcers want a stimulating lotion applied with lint, after the manner of water-dressing, and the support of a bandage. But I should like my readers to bear in mind that the healing of ulcers depends in a very great measure upon the state of the constitution. The blood must be strengthened by good food, else the sore wil not heal. Why, it cannot heal unless you supply it with flesh-forming material, and this material must come from the blood. But, in addition to the enrichment of the blood, if the ulcer be in the leg this must be kept up as much as possible and bandanged firmly, but not too tightly, from the toes upward. Four or five grains of powdered alum or sulphate of zinc to the ounce of water make another handy stimulating lotion. Goulard water is easily made; simply add a teaspoonful of sugar of lead to a pint of water; it is rendered more cooling by the addition of spirits of wine. It is an excellent application for painful swellings. For wry or stiff neck, or in cases where you wish to redden the surface in order to reduce internal swelling or pain, a mixture of one part hartshorn to two of olive oil is a capital liniment. Rub in well.

MILK should not be taken in copious draughts, like beer or any other fluid which differs from it chemically. In infancy each small mouthful is secured by effort and slowly presented to the gastic mucous surface for digestion. It is thus regularly and gradually reduced to curd, and the stomach is not oppressed with a lump of half coagulated milk. The same principle should be regarded by the adult. Milk should be taken in mouthfuls, at short intervals, and then it is rightly dealt with by the gastric juice. If milk be taken after other food, it is almost sure to burden the stomach and cause discomfort and indigestion.

PROF. ARIUS, who has devoted himself to the discovery of the reason why woolen clothing, when washed with soap and water, will insist upon shrinking, and becoming thick, and acquiring that peculiar odor and feeling which so annoys housekeepers, says these evil effects are due to the decomposition of soap by the acids present in the perspiration and other waste of the skin which the clothing absorbs. The fat of the soap is then precipitated upon the wool. These effects may be prevented by steeping the articles in a warm solution of washing-soda for several hours, then adding some water and a few drops of ammonia. The woolens are then to be washed, and rinsed in lukewarm water.

A CHEAP, and yet useful cover for the side-board marble can be made of linen-crash which costs about 12½ cents per yard; cut it long enough so that the ends will hang over for about one-quarter of a yard; fringe the ends and overcast the edge; then put three rows of drawn-work above the fringe, and if you choose to still further ornament it, a simple vine in outline stitch may be worked on each end. Work this with crewel; it will wash better than marking cotton will, and besides, you can take longer stitches with good effect.

PORTERER.—One pint bottle best porter, two glasses pale sherry, one lemon, peeled and sliced, half pint of ice-water, six or eight lumps of loaf sugar, half grated nutmeg, pounded ice. This mixture has been used satisfactorily by invalids for whom the pure porter was too heavy, causing biliousness and heartburn.

TO POLISH wood floors of black walnut and ash: Moisten a soft flannel cloth with kerosene oil, rub the wood with it then with a very soft, clean, and dry flannel. If this work is trusted wholly to a maid it will very likely not be a success, for too much oil will be used, and that is far worse than to use no oil at all.

BEAUTIFUL TRIFLES.—Mix a little salt and one teaspoonful of sugar in one egg, work in flour and roll thin. Cut in round pieces and fry in hot lard. Fill the cakes with jelly or preserves, Pretty side dish.

NOODLES.—Make a thin paste of eggs and flour, add a little salt, roll thin, cut in narrow strips, throw in boiling water and boil five minutes. Serve hot, with butter, black pepper, and hard-boiled egg, chopped fine.

SOUTH CAROLINA CAKE.—One small cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teacupful of milk, a little brandy, and a cup of raisins.

OCEAN CAKE.—One cup of milk, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, the whites of five eggs, well beaten, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream tartar; flavor to taste.

NELLIE'S GINGER WAFERS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, half cup of made coffee, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger.

PINEAPPLE JAM.—Peel, grate and weigh the apple, put pound for pound of pineapple and sugar, boil it in a preserving kettle thirty or forty minutes.

IT is wise to give all winter clothing and bedding, which will soon be brought out for use a thorough airing. They should be placed in the yard and well shaken to remove all the impurities.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not in his own.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

Of what significance the things you can forget? A little thought is sexton to the whole world.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

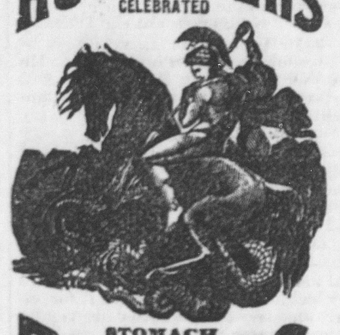
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

No one is fatigued after the excercise of forbearance.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

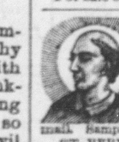


STOMACH BITTERS

Protection.

No such protective against chills and fever and other diseases of a malarial type exists as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It relieves constipation, liver disorders, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments with certainty and promptitude. A change, as gratifying as it is complete, soon takes place in the appearance, as well as the sensation, of the wan and haggard invalid who uses this standard promoter of health and strength.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
82 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., *quickly and painlessly cured by the* Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. *Glove-fitting.* Circular Free.
CIVIALE MEDICAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.

HUNT'S KIDNEY-WORT & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
and Weaknesses so common
to our best
FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

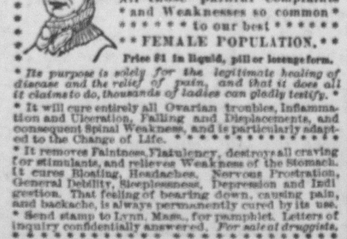
** Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.*

* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

* Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

Correspondence Business School,
451 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. Young Men and Women thoroughly prepared for business at home. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., practically taught by mail. Send for circulars



$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price Sixty, by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Lumbago,
Pleurisy,
Coughs,
Pneumonia,
Inflammations,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,

Difficult Breathing.

In these cases the READY RELIEF should be applied freely over the affected parts until a burning sensation is felt, and it will be found in every case that the READY RELIEF is a quick, safe, powerful and reliable remedy. In severe cases when danger is threatened one or two doses of DR. RADWAY'S PILLS will help the READY RELIEF in effecting a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises. Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle

DR. RADWAY'S
REGULATING PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. ☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using **CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!** INFALLIBLE

An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Most violent cases.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.*
INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the *successful* specialist. Ease at once; no *operation or delay* from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

MASON & HAMLIN
100 STYLES **ORGANS** $22 TO $900.

HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Only American Organs Awarded such at any.

For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented.

UPRIGHT PIANOS

presenting THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE YET ATTAINED in such instruments; adding to all previous improvements one of greater value than any; securing most pure, refined, musical tones and increased durability; especially avoiding liability to get out of tune. Illustrated Catalogues free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,
Boston, 154 Tremont St.; N. York, 46 E. 14th St.; Chicago, 149 Wabash Ave.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS
for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG
OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day, or 75,000 sold. *Its Great Authority and Solid Merit* make it *the booming book for Agents.* Extend for Circulars, Specimen Plate, *Extra Terms*, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

"LINENE" Reversible Collars and Cuffs, Turn down collars.
RUBENS, ANGELO, RAPHAEL.
The new standing style, MURILLO, is REVERSIBLE, same as the turn down styles. The top edge has a smooth, round fold that cannot fray.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts. at stores. **Two Gold Medals** and Bronze Medal awarded at M. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid, for **SIX** cts. Fabric and circulars free. Mention this paper. **Reversible Collar Co.,** Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of
BLAINE AND LOGAN

By Col. THOS. W. KNOX. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and Cheapest. 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent to Agents. Outfit *Free.* Freight paid. Send for *Extra Terms*, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞ Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

44 392

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 12, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

An Entire New Store!

CLERKS, GOODS, FIXTURES AND ALL HAS

— BEEN ADDED THIS WEEK TO THE —

"SUPPLY DEPOT,"

FULL BEFORE. THIS MAKES AN OVERFLOW.

WE OFFER BARGAINS TO MAKE ROOM.

—A HINT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

INTERESTING NOTICE.

Two weeks ago our Fall Stock began to arrive, and to say that we were surprised at the way they turned out expresses it but mildly. Every where we hear words of praise and commendation. One lady from New York remarked: "I never expected to find such a store in Bellefonte." If you will be honest and candid and take a look we know that you will be astonished and have to acknowledge the same.

In Dress Trimmings, Pasamentries, Fringes, Heading Ornaments, Buttons, Buckles, &c., our line will exceed by far any of our neighbors.

Our 54-inch dollar Dress Cloth for 75 Cents beats them all. The cloths are made by first-class makers—less eminent perhaps than Lupin but in quality and wear equal any made. We have but a limited quantity left—remember 54 inches wide at 75 cents, never before offered for less than one dollar.

We would be pleased to have you call, and feel sure that you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

——Monday was a very fine day; Tuesday raw and windy.

——Reuben Gramley, of Miles, gave the "Reporter" a call.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

——Father Ulrich, an aged citizen of the Loop, is seriously ill.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

——Caroline Gobble died at Millheim, on 10th, aged about 70 years.

BRICK for sale—12 to 15,000—at Zerby's brick yard, Centre Hall, by J. O. Deininger. 22oc3t

——An ox-roast and big Cleveland jubilee is to be held at Bellefonte on Friday.

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

——Centre Hall Grammar school will open on Thursday, 13th, with Michael Shires as instructor.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

——Young gents, go to Wolf's for your winter hats, neck-wear, hosiery, etc. The finest assortment.

——The new Lutheran church to be erected, in this place, will be put on the corner across the alley from the burnt site.

——The best assortment of men's cassimeres ever brought to town will be found at Wolf's.

——Esq. Duck and lady, of Millheim, also A. F. Harter, of same place, have returned from their western trip.

— Before going up Salt river get one of those warm and cheap suits of clothes at the Philad. Branch, and you will feel better.

——J. H. Musser and H. H. Weaver brought some fine cattle to Aaronsburg, last week; among the lot were three Holsteins.

——The finest and best assortment of boots and shoes in this county, and the most reasonable prices, at Mingle's in the Brockerhoff house block.

——The M. E. Church at Aaronsburg has been repaired—a fine steeple erected, seats cut down, a new pulpit built, and painted inside and outside.

——A flag station at Henny's lane, one mile east of the Fort, has been put on the schedule, to be Cavern station. No Hall on it—Cavern Hall, for instance.

——Sechler's have a new supply of groceries—no family should be without them—they keep none but pure and fresh goods. Give them a call.

——Persons getting to Centre Hall by Bellefonte stage at noon can make the train for all points east. This is a convenience for persons coming from the west.

——Mr Metzler, of the Loop, whose leg was crushed by a falling tree, some two months ago, is able to walk. His recovery is remarkable as his injuries were very serious.

——A. C. Mingle's boots and shoes are found in nearly every family, because people know they get a genuine article when purchasing at Mingle's, and at low prices.

——The station agent for Centre Hall will be a gentleman from Selinsgrove as we are told. Mr. Gilliland, a son of Sam'l Gilliland, will be the agent at Oak Hall.

——Wolf's never had so large and good assortment of boots and shoes as they have this fall. Don't fail to examine their stock.

——Ladies wanting trimmings for black dresses and winter coats will do well to call at Wolf's before buying else where.

——Our excellent friend L. B. Stover, of Madisonburg, called to see us and spent an evening chatting over days of Auld Lang Lyne.

——There is no adulteration in any sugar, coffee, tea, spices, etc., sold at Sechlers grocery. This important fact should be borne in mind by every housekeeper.

——The railroad company is making preparations for putting up a station building at Centre Hall and Oak Hall—these will be the only ones put up for the present.

——The slaters are now putting the slate on the new Reformed church at Aaronsburg, and a clock has been ordered for the tower and will be put up before the holidays.

——Why don't Millheim secure a telephone between Coburn station and that town and Aaronsburg, it would be worth all its cost to the people down there the first year.

——A telegram was received this morning that Wm. H. Strohm, Esq, of Nebraska, son Michael Strohm, of Centre Hill, was accidentally shot and killed on Monday evening.

——Centre Hall within a week has had added an express office, coal yard, telegraph, regular passenger train, and will next have a grain house, with other improvements.

——The citizens of the northern precinct of Gregg think of organizing a new township. If they do, we would suggest Cleveland, as the name, in honor of the new Democratic president—or Tilden.

——Mr. Isaac Behm, an old citizen of Haines township, died on Sunday, 2 He was over 80 years old. He was an old and respected friend of the editor and an upright man, who would not knowingly wrong any one.

——Folks who go up Salt river and folks who don't go up, purchase their ready-made clothing at the Philadelphia Branch, because they can save from $5 to $10 on each suit, compared with prices at other stores.

——A few days ago a little two year old son of Mr. Bubb innocently drank a few swallows of lye, mistaking it for cider, which seriously affected his mouth, throat and stomach, he but will no doubt recover again.

——Mr. John Foreman, of near this place, showed us a head of cabbage raised in his garden which weighs 28 pounds. It is a Clevelander, and he has more of the same sort. One such head would keep a small family in slaugh a week.

——All is calm and quiet, and the country is safe, and the next question will be, who will be in the cabinet of the next President? Then people will ask, where can housekeepers get the best family groceries? This question will be answered with one voice from man and wife, that Sechlers keep the best, purest and freshest groceries in the county.

——George Cronoble died October 28, at McConel, Stephenson county, Ill. He was born near Spring Mills, Pa.; moved west in the spring of 1855; his disease was dropsy, and had been a great sufferer for three years and confined to his chair for 10 months, both day and night. He died in the faith of the Lord; he leaves four children—3 daughters and 1 son, to mourn his loss. Mother Cronoble died some 14 years ago. For the last 4 years Mr. Cronoble lived with his only son, Wm. Cronoble; there was born to them in all nine children.

——The rate at which dress-goods are sold at Wolf's store proves that the ladies know where to buy fashionable goods and at reasonable prices. They are surprised to find such nice goods at so low a price. If you don't believe this call and see for yourself. Anything not in stock will be ordered and reach here in 48 hours.

——We are informed that one day last week as Mrs. Ditzle, of the Loop, was walking on the road towards Mr. McClellan's, she passed a ram belonging to the latter which showed no signs of fight, until after she had passed, when the animal suddenly turned and with a tremendous bump sent the woman sprawling on the ground, and in the fall she broke one of her legs above the ankle. Mr. Runkle and Mr. Love, like two good Samaritans, came along and assisted the unfortunate lady to her home.

——Mr. John Snyder, on Monday, met with an accident, at Centre Hill, that might have proved fatal. He had stopped at the store with his two horse team to get a segar, and on attempting to get on the wagon, starting the horses at same time, he lost foot-hold and slipped off, the front wheel of the two-horse wagon passing over his head. He was taken up senseless, with his head somewhat bruised and brought to his home here, and we expect to see John about again in a few days.

The man in Centre Hall who maliciously raised a report that I gave a vote a ticket with Allison's name on instead of Woodward's or Rhone's, or attempted to have any one vote any other than the full Democratic ticket or held any other, or printed any other, or voted any other, is a liar and a scoundrel. FRED. KURTZ.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

The votes of the Southern precinct of Gregg were all polled but 14, on 4th. The people of this lively town will celebrate the result of the presidential election on Monday evening, Nov 17. Speakers will be present to address the meeting. The parade will eclipse anything ever seen in this valley—bonfire and fire-works will be first class. People of all parties are invited, and are requested to bring torch lights with them. Three or four bands will be present. No drunkenness or indecent inscription on banners allowed in the parade. X.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nos. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

25dec1f

LOST.—A 1½ year old bull, with white under the belly has been missing since June. The finder will be suitably rewarded by reporting to undersigned. JOHN GUISER, Hublersburg. 3t

Official Returns of Centre County for 1884.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Prest—Cleveland, D.	Prest—Blaine, R.	Pr Jd—Hoy, D.	As Jd—First, R.	As Jd—Munson, D.	Cong.—Fisher, R.	Cong.—Curtin, D.	Legislature—Patton, R.	Legislature—Rhone, D.	Legislature—Woodward, D.	Legislature—Love, R.	Sh'iff—Allison, R.	Sh'iff—Walker, D.	Proth—Royer, R.	Proth—Brett, D.	Tr'r—Elder, R.	Tr'r—Smith, D.	Com'nis'rs—Hoss, R.	Com'nis'rs—Griest, D.	Com'nis'rs—Wolf, D.	Com'nis'rs—Campbell, R.	Com'nis'rs—Henderson, R.
Bellefonte, North Ward	116	220	127	207	118	216	215	106	86	93	249	246	127	207	120	215	151	185	110	112	170	202
" South Ward	172	145	183	135	175	143	222	93	130	151	197	148	189	125	182	135	201	107	170	167	125	156
" West Ward	51	108	63	99	60	102	92	69	46	43	119	105	55	106	56	105	64	95	51	53	84	102
Milesburg borough	42	105	44	40	114	108	59	105	37	35	100	114	41	107	37	115	42	107	37	41	75	98
Millheim borough	133	28	116	40	127	32	137	22	105	114	39	46	110	46	131	27	131	26	114	105	39	39
Howard borough	77	114	49	47	22	24	51	69	42	46	78	69	43	76	44	75	52	68	39	44	29	76
Philipsburg, 1st Ward	55	106	53	110	80	80	59	101	53	55	108	105	58	103	56	104	54	106	56	54	75	107
" 2d Ward	116	141	124	232	137	117	127	151	114	121	144	127	122	126	117	140	118	140	122	119	86	135
" 3d Ward	59	73	59	74	71	62	60	73	54	60	76	70	63	71	59	75	57	77	61	56	44	76
Unionville borough	33	55	38	60	31	52	57	56	38	35	56	56	35	55	36	57	36	56	33	26	29	61
Benner township	164	78	158	80	153	89	176	54	162	134	85	91	155	79	162	79	167	78	164	163	69	68
Boggs twp., South	157	193	167	189	153	194	213	131	148	139	163	208	157	191	153	192	160	187	148	152	179	171
" North	33	76	34	76	36	71	41	69	36	18	77	81	36	73	38	72	43	66	37	37	71	71
Burnside township	36	58	46	58	46	46	48	53	46	46	58	3	59	45	46	47	57	47	45	46	3	57
Curtin township	70	41	70	42	76	36	87	22	74	66	40	37	78	33	76	37	79	33	75	76	41	25
College township	113	173	170	174	85	198	174	97	55	126	151	232	107	178	116	173	111	173	115	111	188	98
Ferguson twp., Old	150	76	165	59	153	68	170	57	158	155	69	70	145	72	193	33	157	72	138	153	66	67
" New	113	68	60	124	69	114	75	109	76	73	104	109	142	43	118	58	73	112	73	53	123	41
Gregg township, N	73	4	73	4	71	7	74	4	65	70	4	5	68	4	69	4	67	4	68	64	4	4
" S	277	88	271	95	219	151	291	69	213	262	84	157	264	95	269	95	275	93	274	282	87	81
Haines twp., West precinct	128	93	131	90	122	101	130	93	121	129	95	97	129	94	129	95	131	93	129	126	15	95
" East precinct	102	38	98	43	99	43	106	24	100	103	40	40	103	39	109	42	105	37	106	103	7	38
Half Moon township	36	115	34	124	39	119	52	102	42	30	89	110	57	101	24	109	44	110	34	36	71	102
Harris township	130	77	127	74	107	85	155	51	101	124	76	96	127	77	29	63	128	73	126	124	84	40
Howard township	74	114	77	109	79	109	89	105	82	73	116	114	77	119	77	129	78	116	71	78	68	118
Huston township	61	104	67	106	64	106	96	68	62	58	108	103	65	104	60	108	66	102	49	52	34	118
Liberty township	91	176	87	167	99	165	123	138	93	83	172	161	96	170	94	172	94	172	87	91	92	121
Marion township	92	45	91	42	76	57	111	27	90	93	42	40	81	54	93	44	92	44	82	83	46	49
Miles township	266	72	266	68	255	72	280	45	249	255	76	83	223	101	266	66	270	66	256	247	61	74
Patton township	60	99	62	104	72	94	70	92	69	61	97	102	71	96	65	101	62	101	57	62	57	99
Penn township	171	17	163	22	169	10	162	18	133	145	24	29	145	28	157	18	166	18	153	151	19	29
Potter twp., North precinct	159	72	158	77	154	78	180	55	164	158	52	88	169	72	162	72	164	65	154	158	56	74
" South precinct	201	80	197	88	181	97	235	35	172	192	77	118	199	84	202	82	183	83	202	200	73	81
Rush township, South precinct	62	63	72	55	66	59	77	47	65	67	62	60	67	57	67	60	68	59	66	63	70	62
" North "	136	104	133	150	160	85	139	97	130	132	106	102	135	104	133	105	130	107	133	129	89	109
Snow Shoe twp., East "	122	121	125	116	135	116	148	109	121	127	133	26	129	123	129	123	135	117	126	128	27	124
Snow Shoe twp., West "	93	74	74	80	78	74	83	66	74	74	77	27	68	85	79	75	71	82	70	73	24	80
Spring township	214	267	220	259	209	269	275	207	199	202	276	267	233	247	221	261	240	238	221	224	233	253
Taylor township	45	86	45	86	38	91	82	37	46	44	84	84	51	78	44	83	75	83	50	54	54	71
Union township	75	133	69	142	64	231	71	146	79	75	133	130	75	135	77	134	83	139	64	72	50	140
Walker township	199	109	188	115	157	151	206	102	178	195	117	118	209	108	200	108	194	110	187	194	96	75
Worth township	80	111	91	101	81	111	88	99	83	73	111	111	83	109	81	112	81	110	79	81	107	109
Total	4494	4057	4586	4139	4464	4206	5360	3994	4194	4324	4163	4157	4615	4055					4428	4455	3090	3740

A roller rink building is to be erected in Millheim. Its proportions will be 100 by 40 feet.

——Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

——Winter threatens to set in and now is the time to prepare for it. Get your fuel, secure your cellar walls, and look around for good, warm clothing. With the sudden changes to cold, no one should be without an overcoat so as to be ready for any sudden change. An overcoat costs money it is true—but the want of one may subject you to five times the cost of it in a doctor's bill and loss of time by being laid up from a cold, and which may even bring premature death. These are solid facts to be heeded. Now an equally solid fact is that good, warm clothing can be had so low that there is no excuse for any one being without it. The Philad. Branch alone sells clothing so low that no man or boy need shiver from the cold blasts. Were it not for Lewins & Co. ready-made clothing in this part of the state would cost double the price it does now. They put down the price, and others had to follow, but none put down the prices as low as the Philad. Branch which still sells 25 per cent. below the lowest. This is the party then that deserves your patronage. Their assortment of overcoats and men's and boys' suits is unsurpassed by any store in Centre county. 3t

——The best and largest stock of fur caps, at the lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

List of Grand Jurors for the 4th Monday of November, 1884:

Martin Woomer, Taylor	Henry Ryman, Milesb'g
Ed. Brown, jr., Bellef'te	Michael Condo, Potter
Jesse Woodring, Worth	J W Adams, Howard t'p
A C Hinton, Snow Shoe	D L Zerby, Millheim
Geo. L Peters, Union	C D Runkle, Potter
James S Cross, ½ Moon	Jacob Fidler, Haines
Thomas Frank, Haines	M Confer, Howard twp.
Jos. Gross, Bellefonte	C J Walker, Boggs
John Rogers, Walker	J M Gramley, Miles
L G Lingle, Philipsburg	W S Tripple, Bellefonte
J W Heath, Rush	Fred Berger, Benner
Elias Lytle, Half Moon	James Martin, Marion

Traverse Jurors—1st Week.

J M Noll, Milesburg	Ed. Woods, Spring
M Poorman, Boggs	Geo. Keaster, Haines
James Alexander, Potter	David Dannes, Ferguson
John Kimport, Penn	Jacob H Wyle, Haines
A G Rodgers, Boggs	Jacob Burket, Miles
Wm. Foster, College	Israel Vonada, Gregg
Henry Emerick, Gregg	Jacob Woodring, Worth
A S Garman, Bellefonte	Aaron B Myers, Huston
David Robb, Liberty	James Cokiey, Boggs
Emanuel Brown, Bell'fte	R F Mull, Philipsburg
Eph. Glenn, Patton	D G Leathers, Howard tp
Wm. Newman, Worth	J W Furey, Bellefonte
Alex. Miller, Spring	Abs. Cormier, Haines
Geo. Eckle, Ferguson	Jerry Ebb, Philipsburg
M J Graham, Bellefonte	James Lingle, Boggs
Martin Hogan, Union	Charles Burley, Miles
L T Munson, Bellefonte	F T Lucas, Rush
Dan'l Ayers, Philipb'g	Miles Alexander, Hust'n
Isaac Dawson, Bellef'te	E D Noll, Milesburg
A E Graham, Liberty	John Emerick, Miles
Wm. H Stover, Haines	Thos. Boggs, Milesburg
J K Bitner, Gregg	Wm. Smith, Penn
Aaron Thomas, Potter	Walter Whippo, Walker
Henry Thompson, Lib'ty	Peter Auman, Gregg

Traverse Jurors - 2d Week

Wm. H Wyland, Harris	John Moyer, Potter
John H Swartz, Penn	J Stambaugh, Haines
D L Meek, Patton	W T Speer, Bellefonte
H W Brickley, How'd t'p	D M Miller, Ferguson
Charles Cook, College	E C Henderson, Huston
Wm. R Teller, Bellef'te	Thos. Smith, Liberty
John Arney, Potter	Henry Rice, Rush
David Ertle, Penn	John Confer, Snow Shoe
M W Cowdrick, Bellef'te	W C Wyle, Haines
Harry Schroyer, "	C Haines, Howard twp.
John Stewart, College	W W Spangler, How'd t'p
Hepburn Blower, Taylor	Jesse Garrett, Miles
Wm. Irvin, jr., Marion	Wm. Glenn, College
S A Stover, Bellefonte	Dallas Croulster, Hust'n
Jacob Smith, Unionville	O M Sheets, Snow Shoe
Martin Smith, Ferguson	Miles Mattern, Potter
J M Harter, Gregg	Thos. Merryman, Taylor
Geo. Harter, Potter	Jas. Everhart, College

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 25; tallow 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.
COAL—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		43½	—56
Wheat	"	72	—70
Oats	"	25½	— 33
Pork	"		
Lard	"	6 95	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against hunting or shooting any kind of game on my premises.
12oct3t SAM'L SLACK, Potters Mills, Pa.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

N. L. Atwood, Greenback Congressman-at-Large, received the following votes: West ward, Bellefonte 1, South ward 1, Milesburg 3, Unionville 4, Benner 1, Boggs south 5, Gregg south 2, Halfmoon 2, Huston 4, Snow Shoe 1, Union 1 Total, 25.

T. P. Rynder, Greenback for Congress, 54 votes.

Jas. Black, Temperance Congressman-at-Large, had votes as follows: Milesburg 9, Unionville 4 Benner 2, Boggs S. 7, College 1, Ferguson E 4, Halfmoon 4, Huston 3, Marion 2, Miles 1, Patton 1, Penn 1, Potter N 3, Potter S 1, Snow Shoe W 1, Spring 7, Union 4, Walker 1. Total, 56.

Temperance—John Spotts, Associate Judge, had 90 votes; Legislature—W H Musser, 109; G W Currin, 65. Sheriff—Michael Myers, 7. Prothonotary—Christ. Buck, 92. Treasurer—W P Fisher, 77. Register—J Zeigler, 72. Recorder—E H Walker, 68. Commissioners—Joseph Rodgers, 59; Wm. Dale, 89. Auditors—Harvey Poorman, 73; Michael Derstine, 69.

25 SOLDIERS SHOT.

Lima, Nov. 3, via Galveston.—Advices by the steamer Serena state that Cecere's infantry battalion at Cuzco mutinied recently. The uprising was suppressed by the cavalry, and five officers and twenty soldiers were shot.

A health journal tells its readers how to take cold. What most of us want to know is how to let it go. Take a bottle of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine, and it will go because it must. 5u2

We are informed that the man named Butler, of Milesburg, who endeavored to kill himself some time ago in consequence of disappointment in love affairs, has disappeared. He has recently been living with Mr. Teller, at Milesburg. Several days ago he took a gun and went into the mountains, ostensibly to hunt. Since then he has not been seen and his friends are concerned about him. Search parties have gone out to look for him.—*Republican.*

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER

— Go to Lewins & Co. if you want a nice suit for a boy—they have them all styles and quality, from $2 up.

A CLEVER TRICK.

An ex-captain of the navy who resides in the Rue Pavin, in Paris, was taking a walk the other day in the Luxembourg Garden, when he saw a well-dressed gentleman suddenly raise his hands to his face and manifest signs of violent pain. The old officer went up to him and kindly inquired what was the matter. "Oh, dear, how I suffer!" A grain of dust has got into my eyes some way or other. Would you please blow into the eye to try and remove it?" The captain gently turned up the sufferer's eyelid, and carefully holding his head in both hands, he began to breathe with every degree of force, from a zephyr to a tempest, over the part affected, until at last the gentleman appeared relieved and warmly thanked his benefactor. An hour afterward the latter became aware, while sitting in a cafe on the Boulevard St. Michel, that he, too, and been relieved—of his watch and purse!

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

The burdock plant is one of the best diuretics or kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil or croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

A SPLENDID BARGAIN!

A Complete and Carefully Selected Stock of

General Merchandise,

the ingentory value of which is $600. It will be sold at cost price, including fixtures and everything belonging to the business.

The store-room and ware room in which the stock is located may be purchased or rented, according to the wishes of the purchaser of the stock.

This store has always had a large and constantly increasing trade. It is a

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

Satisfactory reasons can be given for selling. For further particulars call at or address

Elder's Store,

MILESBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.

12oct1m

A WYOMING WONDER.

Devil's Gate is a reminder of the forces which were at work when chaos was giving way to order on earth. That rocky spur of the Sweetwater range which lies sixty-five miles north of Rawlins is, perhaps, twenty miles in length, and runs in a direction east and west. It is a steep "hog-back" mountain, terminating at its eastern extremity in a gradual slope, though a quarter of a mile beyond where the mountain ends there is a large mound of similar formation to that of the mountain. In the mountain, half a mile from its eastern end is Devil's Gate. It is the channel of the Sweetwater River cut through the heart of the main ridge. This great ridge is a pile of huge granite rocks, the surfaces being worn very smooth in the course of ages, having not an inch of soil upon them, and hardly one tree growing within a quarter of a mile. The cut through which this river runs has perpendicular sides of solid rock. Looking at the mountain and Devil's Gap from the hillside a mile distant, the observer sees, not a gorge or gulch or canon, but he sees such an effect as if a Titan had cut away a slice across the mountain and carried it away. At the base of the "gate" the width between the walls appears to be not more than one hundred feet. The length of the gate is nearly a mile. From the surface of the river bed to the first break in the perpendicular wall of rock is two hundred and sixty feet. To a point in the mountain almost overhanging this break the height, as measured from the level of the water is three hundred feet.

Devil's Gate is impassable for teams or even a horseman. When the river is high, a man finds difficulty in making his way over the great rocks along the sides of the stream. The water tumbles from rock to rock and roars on its way down through the gate. During the winter blocks of ice are lifted along the sides of the stream, which is partly frozen, and one can make his way from one end of the cut to the other. A solitary tree of the height of forty feet, standing in the gate a short distance from where the river enters, affords means of comparing the height of the walls with an object to which the eye is accustomed, giving an idea of their great height not otherwise obtained.

INTEMPERANCE IN PARIS.

Without taking into consideration the terrrible absinthe, the fiery cognac, the strong chartreuse, the nasty flat beer and a lot of other intoxicants, the annual consumption of wine in Paris alone exceeds two hundred quarts per head.

There are two days in the week—Sunday, day of rest for respectable people, and Monday, day of rest those who work on Sunday to show their contempt for God and religion—when you can see as much drunkeness here as in any other city in the world. All the mannezingues, as the lower dens are called, are crowded with male and female customers, who drink wine which does not cantain a drop of grape-juice, red-hot *eau-de-vie* made out of potatoes, and liquors strong enough to scald the tongues of honest men and women. I have ventured to remonstrate with these people and they have told me that they drank to give themselves strength, and that wine takes the place of food.

Now alcohol in the animal stomach undergoes no change whatever; it will be found in its original state in the brain, in the blood and in the liver, and it escapes unaltered from the system, causing most frightful physical, mental and moral ravages. Those who have lived in Paris for a few years cannot but have noticed that this vice of drunkenness is on the increase. There are sections in the city where every other door is a liquor shop and men can be seen reeling about as drunk as "Billee Beedam" ever was. The state derives vast revenues from the sale of this poison. The annual amount spent by Parisians for drink exceeds one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and half of it is expended in intemperance.

MARRIED.

October 30, by Rev. J. Benson Akers, Dr. J. Finley Bell, formerly of Pleasant Gap, now of Osceola, to Miss E. Cordelia C. Mayes, daughter of W. W. Mayes, Esq., Chief Burgess of Glen Hope, Clearfield Co.

By Rev. S. E. Furst, October 23, Joseph Allen Swayers, of Milesburg, and Miss Sue R. Jamison, of Spring Mills.

On Nov. 6, at the residence of the brides parents, by Rev. J. F. DeLong, Mr. Albert E. Canfield, of Williamsport, to Miss Jennie J. Orvis, daughter of Ex-Judge John H. Orvis, of Bellefonte.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

Trade Mark

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

CAUTION.—Having purchased the following articles at constable's sale, all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same, as they will be left in the possession of Charles Madira, at my pleasure, viz: One cow, 1 calf, 4 hogs, 2 beds and bedding, tabels, corner cupboard, ½ dozen chairs, lot of carpet, washstand, queensware, clock, cooking stove, and doughtray.
J. D. LONG.
5nov3t Spring Mills.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the markets that *do not cure*, that a *Positive, Sure*, and **NEVER-FAILING CURE** will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S **Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier** has **NEVER failed** in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other*, for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and **Cures.** Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure **of Catarrh.** It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the **Best Blood Purifier** in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

Salesmen Wanted. Liberal Commission or Salary and Expenses. Address P. N. NICHOLAS & CO., Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y., growers of all the new and old Fruit and Ornamentals. 25oct4t

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.
15oct3t WM. A. BOAL.
Potter Township.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 89 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn